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PASCAL.

IN the first part of the seventeenth century, the year 1623, Clermont, the capital of the Province of Auvergne, in France, gave birth to one whose name is not only intimately connected with the sciences, but also with the religion of that age. The contemporary and peer of Torricelli, Huygens, and Descartes, Blaise Pascal was a man of no ordinary mind. His childhood, spent under the immediate supervision of his father, Etienne Pascal, developed into an early manhood; so that, at the age of nineteen, his attainments in learning were scarcely equalled or surpassed by those who were more advanced in years, and who had enjoyed superior advantages.

As we have no full and satisfactory account of his life and works, we can only give a meagre and fragmentary view of his labors; drawing our materials for a brief sketch of his character from the memoir by his sister, Madame Perier, and from such detached passages of his writings as reveal to us his remarkable purity, generosity, and self-devotion.

At an early age, Pascal evinced a decided predilection for the sciences, especially for mathematics. The father, watchful of his child's progress, and anxious to afford him all reasonable means for the development of his tastes, removed from Clermont to Paris, where his son could enjoy the society of the most scientific men of the country. Pascal was now but eight years old; and, having lost his mother five years before, he was at that age that needs all the more a father's care and advice. His physical

frame, hardly able to support so active and precocious a mind, was a source of anxiety to his father; who, on this account, would not entrust the education of his son to strangers; and even went so far as to check the earnest curiosity of the boy, eager to fathom the most intricate problems of geometry, and to solve the most difficult questions of mathematics. It was his father's intention that he should devote his early years to the study of the classics, with a view to cultivate the memory and the taste, while the more manly and exacting pursuits of mathematical and physical science were to be the employment of his riper years. But how great must have been the father's surprise, when he chanced to find his boy, at the age of twelve, demonstrating, on the pavement of an old hall where he used to play, and by means of a rude diagram traced by a piece of coal, a proposition which corresponded to the thirty-second of the first book of Euclid! * No further restraint was put upon the boy's genius, since of itself it had discovered the elementary truths of the forbidden sciences. He was now permitted to pursue his studies at his own choice; and, in this choice, he obeyed the impulses of a self-directing genius. We are told, that at the age of sixteen he composed a short treatise on conic sections, which attracted the attention of Desoartes, and led him to behold in Pascal his rival; if not his superior, in those departments of mathematics where before he had held undisputed sway.

A circumstance of some interest now occurred which interfered with the progress of Pascal's studies. His father in some way had incurred the displeasure of the Cardinal Richelieu, and was obliged to leave Paris to escape punishment. He went back to his native province, and there concealed himself until his restoration, for which he was indebted to the talents of his children. It seems that the cardinal was extravagantly fond of dramatic performances, and at this time his whole mind was deeply absorbed in a play of tragic interest. He proposed that it should be represented in his presence by a party of young girls. The Duchess d'Aiguillon, who had charge of the affair, selected a younger sister of Pascal, Jacqueline Pascal, then about thirteen years old,

* This story seems so marvellous that many have considered it a mere fable. We need only say, that we have it on the authority of his sister, Madame Perier, who has given an interesting and circumstantial account of the matter, and whose character does not allow her veracity to be questioned.

to be one of the performers. The permission of Madame Perier, who was, during the absence of the father, at the head of the family, was asked; but she refused, on the ground that they were under no obligation to please the cardinal. The duchess, however, persisted in her entreaty, and hinted that the pardon of the father might reward them for compliance. At last, Madame Perier consented, and the representation took place on the 3d of April, 1639. Jacqueline, it is said, acted her part like a little fairy; and her grace and spirit quite captivated the spectators, and excited the good feelings of Richelieu. At the close of the piece, the little girl stepped forth, and recited, in a most affecting manner, some verses, pleading for the restoration of her father. The harsher feelings of the cardinal were moved by so touching an appeal. As soon as she finished, he embraced her, and exclaimed, "Yes, my child, I grant all that you ask for: write to your father that he may immediately return with safety." The kind duchess then spoke with strong commendation of the merits of the family; and added, pointing to Blaise, who was standing near, "There is the son, who is but sixteen years old, and is already a distinguished mathematician." The father was restored, and with his family took up his residence in Rouen, where he was appointed to an honorable and lucrative office in the government.

Pascal, remaining with his father, applied himself to his studies with renewed interest and zeal. In little less than three years, after unwearied patience and perseverance, he invented his celebrated arithmetical machine. This elicited the praise and admiration of all who saw it; and even Leibnitz was so interested in it, that he attempted to improve it. But Pascal's labors were not wholly confined to mathematics. He found time to devote himself to the physical sciences, in which he made some brilliant experiments that have associated his name with the first philosophers of the world.

Having very briefly alluded to the early life of Pascal, showing his attainments in science, and the inventions of his wonderful genius, we now come to the turning-point of his life, — the period when he renounced all literary and mathematical pursuits, and, after being one of the greatest philosophers, became the most humble and penitent of devotees. To what shall we attribute this great and sudden transition? There were various causes which conspired to produce it. His father died in 1651, when Blaise

was but twenty-eight years old; and his sister Jacqueline, of whom we have made mention, and to whom he was tenderly attached, had retired for ever from the world, by uniting herself to the company of pious recluses at Port Royal.

Unable to resist the influence of a sister whom he loved so fondly, and who was seeking to win him from the world, by causing him to renounce his studies, and to meditate upon the things of Heaven, Pascal's mind began to revert to the religious counsels of his father. The seeds of early piety and Christian faith began to germinate; and the more he contemplated religious truths, the less value did he place on those objects for which he had labored so strenuously.

Among other causes alleged for this sudden abandonment of literary pursuits is an accident which he is said to have received while crossing the Pont de Neuilly in a carriage. The horses, becoming restive and unmanageable, as they came to a part of the bridge where there was no railing, suddenly leaped into the river. Fortunately, the traces broke, and the carriage stopped on the brink; but the delicate system of Pascal received a shock so violent that he fainted, and was with great difficulty restored to consciousness. The alarm, and the jar of the head which were thus caused, had a sensible effect on his excited imagination; and he became subject to a kind of false sensation, not uncommon in certain forms of mental disease. He saw a frightful precipice yawning continually at his side; and, though his reason convinced him that it was unreal, he could not resist the terror which it occasioned. As a memorial of this vision, he preserved for a long time a paper on which were written the day and the hour when it occurred, and some detached pious meditations; and this paper he always carried with him, concealed within the lining of his dress.

The accident on the bridge, he thought, was a warning given to him by Heaven to break off from his literary pursuits, and to live in future for God alone. His sister has given, in her memoir of him, a painful account of the privations and sufferings which he imposed upon himself; for suffering he thought to be indispensable to happiness. "I can approve," he says in his own writings, "only of those who seek in tears for happiness." And again, "Disease is the natural state of Christians." With these views, it is not strange that Pascal surrendered himself to some

of the worst extravagances of asceticism. We are told not only that he lived on the plainest fare, and performed the most menial offices for himself; not only that he practised the severest abstinence and the most rigid devotions, but that he wore beneath his clothes a girdle of iron, with sharp points towards his skin, that he might thus mortify himself, and, by inflicting pain on his body, banish the vain or profane thoughts which might intrude on his holy meditations. We admit with Pascal, that suffering is necessary to our moral discipline, to teach us our feebleness and dependence, and to abate the pride and confidence of our nature. Jeremy Taylor, in one of his fanciful images, likens us to the fabled lamps of Terentia, which burned under ground for many ages together, but which, as soon as they were brought into the air and saw a brighter light, went out in darkness. "So long as we are in the retirements of sorrow, of want, of fear, of sickness, we are burning and shining lamps; but when God lifts us up from the gates of death, and carries us abroad into the open air, to converse with prosperity and temptations, we go out in darkness, and we cannot be preserved in light and heat but by still dwelling in the regions of sorrow." There is truth and beauty in the figure; but what advantage would we gain from continued suffering, if there were no intervals of prosperity, when we could meditate upon and practise the lessons of sorrow and adversity? As another has said, "He who made us, and who tutors us, alone knows what is the exact measure of light and shade, sun and cloud, storm and calm, frost and heat, which will best tend to mature those flowers which are the object of this celestial husbandry; and which, when transplanted into the Paradise of God, are to bloom there for ever in amaranthine loveliness."

As Pascal's life drew to a close, religious subjects more and more engaged his mind. Fashionable life, having lost its charms for him, he no longer enjoyed. In 1654, his indifference to the world had so much increased, that he sought for solitude at Port Royal, already endeared to him by the residence there of his sister Jacqueline. While here, he produced his immortal work, the "Provincial Letters;" a series of letters, which, as models of eloquence and wit, are said by competent judges to equal the finest comedies of Molière, and to possess the sublimity of Bossuet's orations. They were written as satires upon the Jesuits, who maintained many religious tenets repugnant to the Jansenists,

of which sect Pascal was a defender. It is not from these, however, that we are to learn his religious character. They are specimens rather of pleasantry and fancy than of religious pathos and beauty, which characterized his other productions.

We would turn our attention to his "Thoughts," the scattered and disconnected results of his contemplative mind near the close of life. These loose hints and fragments were first collected and published in 1670, under the title of "Thoughts upon Religion, and other Topics." Sententious in style, they are full of beauty and meaning; and the variety of subjects introduced exhibit the changing phases of his mind. But throughout there is a despondency of mind, arising no doubt in some degree from his mode of living. For then he had shut himself up in a small chamber, from which he had caused even the tapestry to be removed, lest it should gratify his eye, and would allow no one to intrude upon his quiet, not even a servant, so long as his strength sufficed for making his own bed. Here he passed most of his time in prayer and in the study of the Scriptures, practising the most scrupulous penitence and self-denial. This seclusion tended to stifle his affections. His sisters* and nearest friends could enjoy his favors no longer; for, as he said, if he bestowed them upon earthly creatures, it would be to rob the Supreme Being of what was due to him alone. With all his infirmities, Pascal believed that the highest form of humanity is not intellect, but goodness. This constituted in his mind true greatness. How just is his discrimination, when above genius or intellect he places goodness! Genius often blinds us to goodness; so that the man with the former, without the latter, is the great man in our estimation. The intellect of a Bacon or a Shakspeare excites the sentiment of admiration sooner than the philanthropy of a Howard or a Martyn. Yet none the less should we esteem and appreciate that honesty of purpose which is proof against all flatteries and all menace, those cardinal virtues so essential to the true character, unfeigned

* The passage of Madame Perier is quite touching: "Meanwhile, as I was wholly a stranger to his sentiments on this point, I was quite surprised and discouraged at the rebuffs he would give me upon certain occasions. I told my sister of it, and not without complaining, that my brother was unkind, and did not love me; and that it looked to me as if I put him in pain, even at the very moment I was studying to please him, and striving to perform the most affectionate offices for him in his illness." — *Madame Perier's Memoirs of Pascal.*

humility, benevolence, and charity, than those qualities of mind which discover a new law of nature, or pour forth beautiful strains of poetry.

A few extracts from these "Thoughts" will best exhibit their character. Of the many aphorisms, we select the following: "Curiosity is but vanity. Often we wish to know more, only that we may talk of it. People would never traverse the sea, if they were never to speak of it; for the mere pleasure of seeing, without the hope of ever communicating what they have seen." "I lay it down as a fact, that, if all men knew what they say of one another, there would not be four friends in the world. This appears by the quarrels which are sometimes caused by indiscreet reports." "Man is so great that his grandeur appears from the knowledge he has of his own misery. A tree knows not that it is wretched. True, it is sad to know that we are miserable; but it is also a mark of greatness to be aware of this misery. Thus all the wretchedness of man proves his nobleness. It is the unhappiness of a great lord, the misery of a dethroned king." "Between us and heaven there is only human life, which of all things in the world is the frailest." "Nature has its perfections, to show that it is the image of God; and its faults, to show that it is only his image." "The virtue of a man ought not to be measured by his great efforts, but by his ordinary mind."

And again, in speaking of man's need of religion, he says, "The heart has its reason, which the intellect knoweth not of: we perceive this truth in a thousand things. It is the heart, and not the reason, which finds out God; and this is perfect faith, God made known to the heart. To know God, without being aware of our own misery, gives birth to pride; to be conscious of our own wretchedness, without any knowledge of Jesus Christ, leads to despair. The knowledge of the Saviour exempts us both from pride and despair; for in him we find God, and the secret of our miserable state, and the means of rising above it. We must become acquainted with human things before loving them; but we must love divine things, in order to know them."

At one time, Pascal dwells upon the weakness and insignificance of man, as in the following passage: "What is man in the midst of nature? A cipher in respect to the infinite, and all in comparison with nonentity; a mean betwixt nothing and all. In the order of intelligent things, his intellect holds the same rank that

his body does in the expanse of nature: all that he can do is to discern some phenomena from the midst of things, in eternal despair of ever knowing their beginning or their end." At another time, he reflects upon the grandeur of man as a thinking being. "Man is the feeblest branch of nature, but it is a branch that thinks. It is not necessary that the whole universe should rise in arms to crush him. A vapor, a drop of water, is enough to kill him. But, if the universe should crush him, he would still be nobler than that which causes his death; for he knows that he is dying, and the universe knows nothing of its power over him."

These extracts are sufficient to show the deep religious nature of Pascal's soul at the close of his life. Sickness was now preying upon his mind, and had already undermined his constitution. Had his days been prolonged, we should not have had these "Thoughts" in their present incoherent and fragmentary form; but he would have enlarged and arranged them, giving them unity, comprehensiveness, and symmetry. But in the summer of 1662, only in his thirty-ninth year, he was attacked with a disease which terminated his life. The great work he had commenced was thus imperfectly left. "Had he lived to have completed it," says a biographer, "it would not have been merely an admirable theological or philosophical essay, but a crowning work of art; where one who, more than any other person, had studied the art of persuasion, would have unfolded all the resources of experience and talent, all the power of pathos, of vehemence, and grace; who would have spoken all tongues, and have assumed all attitudes, to attract the human soul toward the asylum which Christianity has opened for its retreat."

Pascal's last days were spent with his sister at her home. Here, in his moments of quiet and rest, he prepared his mind for that change for which he impatiently waited. He made his will, leaving his property to the poor, save a small bequest to his sister's children, who needed his aid. In the beginning of August, conscious that his end was near at hand, he requested the last services of the church. This request was granted, after a fainting fit occurred, which lasted so long that his friends believed he was dead. But he recovered sufficiently to raise himself on the couch, and receive the sacrament with marks of resignation and deep feeling, which drew tears from all the beholders. A moment more, he fell into convulsions, which closed the scene.

He died on the 29th of August, 1662, aged thirty-nine years. Whoever visits the church of St. Etienne du Mont at Paris will observe a marble tablet on one of the pillars near the great altar, with a simple inscription, which will inform him that he is standing at the tomb of Pascal.

We cannot do better than to close our imperfect sketch of so great a man with a quotation from his able biographer, Bossut, who sums up in the following words the chief points of interest in the character of Pascal: "Such," he says, "was this extraordinary man, who was endowed by nature with all the gifts of the understanding; a geometer of the first rank, a profound logician, a lofty and eloquent writer. If we remember, that, in the course of a very short life, and while suffering under almost constant attacks of disease, he invented the arithmetical machine, the principles of the calculation of chances, and the method of solving the problems respecting the cycloid; that he finally determined the great question, which was dividing the opinions of the scientific world, concerning the pressure of the atmosphere; that he wrote one of the most perfect works which ever appeared in the French language; that, in his "Thoughts," there are passages of unrivalled eloquence and depth of reflection, — we shall be ready to believe, that a greater genius never existed in any country or in any age."

V.

A FEW WORDS TO THE YOUNG ABOUT RELIGION.

As Christians we have a religion eminently adapted to the young. The Saviour himself, in his humanity, was a young man. He had the temptations and experiences common to youth; and, however powerfully his life speaks to every age, it can speak to none so powerfully as to those who are passing through just that period which included his mortal career. All the precepts and incitements of the gospel address themselves with peculiar pertinency to the young. They would seem as if uttered with special reference to them, so admirably are they adapted to their various wants, so clearly do they speak to the beginning of life, so complete the foundation they afford. The principles of the gospel the youngest may comprehend; its precepts are not beyond their

practice. Weakness and inexperience here are fortified, to ignorance wisdom is given, temptation has the way of escape pointed, or is supplied with power to resist. The Gospels are an armory in which youth may find itself thoroughly equipped for the great warfare it is to wage. No graver mistake can be made than to suppose youth has nothing to do with religion; none more fatal than to consider it beyond the comprehension or attainment, or hostile to the happiness, of the young. Youth is the very time to become interested in religious things, the season of all seasons; nor is it possible for any, whatever after-agony and striving and success there may be, to make up for the want of early religion. Just as, in education, no study of later life can make good early neglect; just as, on the farm, no late sowing can make up for the lost spring, —so here, if you postpone the religious culture of the soul, you make sure of an imperfect life.

As soon as a young person is capable of forming an opinion upon any thing, he is capable of forming it upon the subject of religion; as soon as he is fit to enter the service of any man, he is fit to enter the service of God. It is as easy for him to say, that he does or does not believe this or that with regard to God, as to say he does or does not believe this or that thing in politics. I do not mean to say, that he is to fix irrevocably his opinions upon matters of faith then, because we do not fix irrevocably any opinions at that age. Opinions must always be undergoing certain changes, as we get into other and higher ranges of thought and experience. But it is idle to say, that there may not be some clearness and fixedness in the young man's or young woman's idea of God, and the relationships and duties flowing therefrom. You may just as wisely say, that the child can have no fixed and clear idea of relationship and duty to its parent, because by and by, necessarily, this idea must be modified by its wider thought and keener perceptions. The home-duties of the child are as definite demands on him, as the duties of the elders are on them; and he is as capable of discharging his, as they are theirs. He cannot be a true child who neglects them, nor can he be a true child of God who omits those peculiar duties which belong to the period of youth alone, or neglects the sowing of that seed which must be sown then, if it is to bring forth the perfect excellence.

But you say it is a *difficult* thing to be religious. I know that; but is difficulty any excuse for neglect? Do you know any thing

that is not difficult, and because of its difficulty do you delay any thing else? How much time and effort it takes to be a scholar? How many hours and days and years a man will waste to acquire some sleight-of-hand, or to be able to dance on a slack-rope? How much time a young girl will give to her piano or her dancing-master! how much zeal, energy, and perseverance, will she show in the attainment of an accomplishment! Suppose now the same number of hours a day were given, with the same fidelity, to the distinct purpose of getting and strengthening a religious faith. Do you honestly suppose there is a difficulty in religion that cannot be surmounted? Do you really imagine God has demanded of us a thing so hard that it cannot be attained, except by effort so vast as to make it almost hopeless? You are fatally mistaken if you do. Difficult it is, very difficult; but the chief difficulty arises from the fact, that few persons ever think of giving themselves to its attainment as they do to the attainment of other things: therefore they fail. Any one sincerely desiring to be religious would be ashamed of this plea of difficulty. You may be sure, that, where it is made, the heart is not in the work.

But it is a *restraint*, you add. Well, so it is; but does the dignity or happiness of life depend upon the absence of restraint? There must be restraint of some kind. We cannot give our lawlessness full sway and scope, and the only serene and even and consistent check is that of religion. Public opinion sets up its restraint; but who does not know what a fickle and false thing public opinion is? Our friends and acquaintances set up their restraint; but one says one thing, and another, another. Between them all, one is completely at a loss. Our own sense of right and wrong exerts its own influence; but we get so bewildered many times that we cannot judge clearly of the right and wrong. There is only one calm and even and reliable restraint. It is that which religion imposes. The soul that puts itself under her guidance cannot err. Her restraints are neither harsh nor unreasonable. They interfere in nothing innocent. They curtail no just privilege of youth, no honest enjoyment, no harmless pleasure. Against that which is morally wrong or excessive, or only foolish, or that which insidiously but directly leads to these, they set themselves; but against no honest and worthy thing. I know there are many still who wear a forbidding, repulsive air,

and call it religion; many who frown upon the gayeties of the young, and make them hate in the outset the religion of Him who was himself no hater of joy or mirth, but could even work his miracles in their behalf. But these have no more the spirit of a true and pure religion, than had that Simon who spent his life on the top of a pillar, or those eastern devotees who, standing on one foot, steadily gaze upon the sun from his rising to his setting, so thinking to win their way to heaven. There is a great deal that is ascetic and Pharisaic yet in the world; and it is from such that the young get, only too early, their idea of the restraints of religion, their disgust at its name.

But you still persist there is *something unpleasant* in religion. What! truth unpleasant, forgiveness, love, obedience, prayer? Any thing unpleasant that a beneficent God demands, who gives you all that you have, and so every way blesses you? The exercises, the denials, the restraints of religion unpleasant? Surely this cannot be. Can you see any thing unpleasant in the lives of the men and women whom you know to be truly and cheerfully pious, the holy beauty of whose lives has compelled many to respect a religion they still madly shrink from embracing? I can conceive that any thing like self-denial should seem unpleasant to a thoroughly selfish man, or any thing like virtue to a thoroughly bad man; but young persons are neither thoroughly selfish nor thoroughly bad: they are quick to appreciate virtue and to love it; nor can they, if left alone, ever consider that unpleasant which shall lead them to it.

So far from having any of these, religion is in itself the only hope of the young. It is the strength and loveliness of youth. Give a young man all excellence and all success, yet let him show a want of a fervent piety, and you have only given a chiselled form of beauty, cold, inanimate, valueless. Add religion, and, as that fabled fire which came from heaven and put life into the dead clay of the workman, you have added that which shall give life and soul to the whole man. Give a young woman all that beauty and grace and loveliness can give, yet, if she have not inwoven with these the spirit of Christian faith, her beauty is ashes, and all her grace vanity. Until religion have sanctified every endowment and attainment, have its fixed seat in the centre of the heart, all passions and affections subject to it, the young have no substantial character or hope. They may stand well

with themselves and with the world; but they cannot stand well with God.

But suppose religion were the harsh, repulsive thing many would have it; suppose its difficulties all that they assert, yet is it a thing all must possess, if they would get on decently even in this life. I never yet saw any thing that could take its place. I never saw success where it was not. Cost what it will, it is the one thing needful to every man, to every position, to every class. Is there a young man or young woman who has not felt in the demands or temptations of life the need of some other strength than that which they could find in themselves, or their friends could give? Did you ever know a young person who did not feel, in the outset of life, entirely capable of taking charge of himself; and yet did you ever know one go far without proving, however unwilling he might be to acknowledge it, that he was utterly incapable of taking care of himself? Has he not shown weakness, where he boasted strength? has he not shown ignorance, where he boasted wisdom? has he not tamely consented to be led, where he knew that he should lead? Is not the history of the young man and woman too often a history of defeat and shame? Is not after-life a vain regret, all of which might have been prevented, had they accepted the guidance of that spirit of religion which alone can guide and save? The poet Shelley has truly said, "All of us who are worth any thing spend our manhood in undoing the errors or expiating the mistakes of youth." Those of us who know from experience what this means, see that we should have been saved this sad necessity, this ever-present, galling sense of power lost, had we given ourselves early to the love and service of God; we see how much we have missed, how much now we cannot gain, because of this early blind unfaithfulness; and therefore do we more urgently press it upon the young "to remember their Creator in the days of their youth."

I do not suppose there is a young man, who, with all his weakness and faults, has any deliberate purpose of leading an unholy life. And yet there are many who will end by leading such a life, not from any large wickedness, or through any great sins, but from neglecting to understand the true purpose of life, — neglecting systematically and perseveringly to pursue the one great good; attain the one essential thing, the one only success. The world around furnishes them with a false standard on the outset.

Not character, but property, is its great essential. The young man enters life with the intention, whatever his calling, of making money out of it, — *money rather than character*. He will use it as his stepping-stone to wealth, not as a means of virtue and a mode of usefulness. Unless I misunderstand the spirit of this generation, money is its leading desire. Men were never so willing to make sacrifices for it and to it! Now, I am a firm believer in money. It is a poor affectation, I think, when a clergyman decries it, or any other man denies that he has a wish for it. It is all declamation and falsehood. Constituted as society is, money is the root of our comfort, — our individual, domestic, social, national security. Without it our homes were impossible, our lives even. *We must have it*, and every one wants just a little more than what he has. For a young man to say that he means to be rich, to be honest and industrious for the sake of the end which honesty and industry secure, is not the worst thing he can say, the worst thing he can do, provided he does not so tie his soul down to gold as to forget his first and constant allegiance to God. I should say to a young man, "You are perfectly right in using every reasonable endeavor to attain an easy competence; but remember this: The way is beset with peculiar difficulty." It is seldom that a man of great wealth keeps his integrity, and never *because of his money* does he get any confidence or respect. There must be something added to wealth, before it can win these. These may put a rich man in places of a certain kind of honor and trust; he may give the law in a certain circle; but he can never be otherwise than thoroughly contemptible, if he have not added to his money a character every way above the shadow of suspicion, not merely a moral, but a religious character. *Character* is the one thing the world everywhere reverences. It gives what the treasures of the world could not buy. The poor man who has it may stand before kings who have it not. It is always first; and, if you find the rich man beloved and trusted, it is not *because of his riches*, but because of his *character*, which gives to his riches their value. Do you know a man more thoroughly despised than the man who sets himself up because of his money, or the woman who takes to herself airs because of her dress, and her furniture, and her house, and her husband's property? Do you know of one more respected or beloved than he who, in the humblest

sphere, shows himself a consistent disciple of his Master, or she whose poverty does not prevent her being rich toward God? You cannot go into this strife for money, and come out intact, having withstood the seductive influences of trade, foregone many a successful but doubtful bargain, and done broad and even justice to all, except you have had deep religious convictions, and felt yourself under the eye and always accountable to the law of God. I say *always*; for there is no greater or more mischievous fallacy than that too common idea, that God has nothing to do with certain callings and relations. A very good man once said to me, "I do not believe God has any thing to do with the grocers' business." So one and another might go on taking his particular profession out of the sphere of God's regard, until we had managed to separate him from all our daily occupations. And when that is done, what should hinder us from withdrawing one by one from all allegiance to him and our homes, and then in ourselves? If you can, in truth, divorce God from any one human activity; if there is any human occupation without the cognizance of his law, then we are all abroad, under no law, no superior power. Any one who will closely look at it will see, that this is a mere fiction with which men have pleased themselves, thinking so actually to separate themselves from that mysterious presence, the sense of which comes in sometimes most unwelcome, to rebuke us in our negligence and sin. Man is God's child. Wherever he is, whatever he does, however related to other men, or bound by their law, he cannot for a single moment escape his obligation to Him whose law was in the beginning, and shall be unto the end.

This religious character, of which I have spoken, will not only help the young man to put a just estimate upon wealth, and keep him within the proper limits of pursuit, but it will rectify many false notions current in society, which, having its stamp, are supposed to contain the germ of success and of character. If we could examine the current sayings which everybody quotes, everybody endorses, and so many live by, we should be surprised to find how much false morality they contain, — how inimical they are to the spirit of true Christianity.

Let me adduce a single instance, — that of a proverb, perhaps oftener quoted than any, and by many supposed to contain the very essence of truth and morality; which, as I think, is a source of a deep and subtle mischief. I have thought that the man who

first said, "*Honesty is the best policy*," has a great deal to answer for. He must have had a very low order of morality: certainly he but little understood the true spirit of Christianity. I cannot conceive of Jesus of Nazareth as uttering such a sentiment. I cannot imagine it following in the wake of the beatitudes, or matching at all with the stern, out-and-out, unyielding morality of the Gospels. Men have so universally accepted and acted upon it, that its meaning is seldom questioned, and he is considered more nice than wise who would disturb it in their regard. But I look upon it as containing a fatal error, and think it blinds a young man to a truth vaster than it utters; that it will keep him who acts upon it away from a platform of action he ought the rather to occupy. Examine the words. Honesty is what?—not the true morality, not the true Christianity, not what God approves, but "*the best policy*," the best thing for my own temporal, individual success and profit. It is my *policy*, my *interest*, to be honest. Now, honesty is too honorable a thing, too sterling a virtue, too essential an element in character, to be so regarded. It ought in no way to be coupled with policy, which has so the savor of cringing and selfishness. The proverb, as it stands, is a Pagan sentiment, and not a Christian maxim. It touches the law of moral obligation nowhere, and is more appropriate to the knave than to the man of integrity. If you say it does very well for every day, for the markets and the wharves, then I simply say you desecrate your markets and your wharves, and bring them down to a very low level. It will *not* do for every day; for every day needs the same sentiment that the sabbath has; and you harden your hearts, and keep yourselves away from the possibilities of the Christian character, just so far, and just so often, as you refuse to incorporate into every act of every day the unstinted spirit of the gospel. There is nothing more needs the correcting hand of religion than the current code of the world's morality; nothing needs so regenerating as the maxims and principles which form the staple of man's intercourse with man. The spirit of the gospel should not tamely submit to be shut out from exchanges, and wharves, and mechanics' benches, and political arenas, but should stand at the door of every calling, and knock, and be heard, and be opened unto; nor cease its work until the "golden rule" had been set over every expediency, and the religion of Jesus had triumphed over the morality of the world.

Taking a nearer range of duties, those to society, to friends, to home, to one's-self, — in all the notions of life, modes of healing, habits and expressions and manners and thoughts, and in all conduct and intercourse, just as imminent is the need of a true Christian spirit. Just so far as one is not a Christian, just so far is he recreant to his privilege, just so far is he deficient in his attainment. The young man may say, in all his proud inexperience, "Just as if my *sense of honor* would not lead me to do all that is required, without compelling me to all the discipline and virtue Christianity requires." But he will know very soon, if conscience have not whispered it already, that that sense of honor which has had no Christian nurture, and is not braced by a Christian faith, is the most uncertain and fickle of things. Will a sense of honor save him from a lie or a fraud, if he be in such a condition as to require it for his own shielding? Will a sense of honor keep him from that condition, if the myriad seductions of life press him into it? Will honor keep him out of debt, if vanity, or the demand of fashion, or the influence of a companion, force him into it? Will honor hold him back from any meanness, if by that he can extricate himself from the embarrassment into which extravagance, or costly habits, or foolish indulgence, has brought him? I have known such honorable young men guilty of meanness, almost too mean to be believed; who would remorselessly seize upon the hard-earned pittance of mother or sister for their own indulgence; nay, who would take the wages of some poor girl to pay for the dress or the cigar which they regarded as the badge of their *honorable* condition. No sense of honor is any moral safeguard. It will make one man a murderer; another, an outrage to his parents and his home; another, a hypocrite or a villain. It will drag down to any meanness. Camelion-like it will shift itself to the particular conditions in which it is placed, and throw its protection over any and every enormity.

So, too, it is when a young man says, that self-respect, or regard to his position in society, or to the feelings of his friends, will keep him from all wrong, and make him faithful to all necessary obligations. He is mad who says so, and madder still who goes on to live so. No man of a true self-respect, or who really regarded the feelings of his friends, or his position in society, — no man of the least experience would say so. Unless these have

the solid substructure of religious principle, they are as unstable as water, as yielding as the reed.

Let the young man turn which way he will, he cannot escape from the obligation to early, deep, consistent piety. He must have it in himself, and take it with him, wherever he goes. It must be a principle rooted in his very soul, and it must be a life evident in every deed. Very amiable, good sort of men, harmless, respectable men, are not the men the world wants, — the men we should be content to be: such traits do not make of us what God demands. No standard of the world, no acquirement which will satisfy it, will do. If you do not have in your hearts a living faith toward God, if you have not a constant regard to the example of Jesus Christ, you are every hour in danger; and, though circumstances may keep you from any great sin, you never are beyond the power of temptation, and, in the very hour in which you think you stand, you may fall. So it has been with many a man who has successfully run through many years, whom the world trusted, who thought himself secure. The monster-trial came at last. He succumbed almost at its shadow. Men wondered, and said they lost their faith in virtue. If they had known the man, they would have seen, that his character, with all its seeming, never had the one foundation, which is Christ Jesus. Had it been so formed, heaven and earth had passed; but he would have stood.

A HUSBAND'S CONFESSION.

"Do not make my daughter love you," said the mother of my Eva: "you have not tenderness enough to make her happy."

Of course, the remonstrance only made my purpose of doing so more definite and determined. Eva was proud of her power, when I laid my pride at her feet, and, like the lion tamed by the pure and innocent virgin, was led whithersoever she would. My rough voice took a soft tone hitherto unknown; my abrupt manner, a grace borrowed from her. I avoided all contrariety of opinion: the current of my thoughts flowed smoothly into hers, like the union of two streams in the same direction. I was gentleness itself in her presence: even the thought of her was like oil upon the surges of my temper, when she was not near.

"I know you to be an estimable man, and you are improved by your engagement," said the mother of Eva on my wedding-day. "Yet my heart shrinks as I confide to your keeping our mimosa: love is her sunshine."

"The plant that needs support clings best to the roughest prop," I said; and, in the honesty of my truly loving heart, I believed Eva would be better with me than with her over-solicitous parents. I should strengthen and enlarge her mind; I would allow her to feel the responsibility which would rest upon her, and thus bring out her native energy and capacity. I believed I was just the only man in the world whom it was fit she should marry; for I would not be weakly indulgent.

I had not wilfully deceived Eva; but she found the husband a different man from the obsequious lover. Still we were happy; for, having given me her heart, she loved me faithfully to the end, and through all she never doubted my affection, such affection as my ungenial nature could bestow. We never quarrelled: Eva's angelic disposition made strife impossible. I was not ill-disposed; but, like the iron pot in the fable, I went sturdily on my way, unconscious of the rude shocks sustained by my porcelain fellow-pilgrim.

My mind was the stronger, in the same proportion with my hardy body. Did she ever venture a demur, I did not listen in the generous consciousness of superior strength; I wrestled for my opinion, right or wrong, because it was mine; and, in every debate, I was victorious, as a matter of course. I allowed no good sense in any view different from that which I chanced to have taken; yet when, disarmed by her humility, I went over to her stand-point, giving some reason it had not occurred to her to urge, I was not ashamed. Her judgment was guided by instinct; but it was a higher and purer faculty, this heaven-inspired instinct, than my proud reason.

She ever saw the right, when I looked no higher than the feasible: the short-sighted substitute for integrity of principle and purpose, implying in its very name haste and incompleteness, — I mean expediency, — was enough for me. Her feebleness was ever overborne in all questions of duty by the main strength of mine; but every instance of such submission was a wound to her inmost soul.

We differed in religious belief. Hers was the religion of

feeling; mine, that of the intellect. Hers was practical and devout; mine, speculative and dogmatical. At that time I feared God as my Judge, but had not learned to love him: to her he was indeed the Father. We were both capable of self-immolation: there we had sympathies, yet only partial; for my self-sacrifice was for a public or a party object, and in a one-sided, overbearing spirit which her upright mind could not admit. I could never teach her my religious or my political creed: argument was wasted on one who never answered, yet never was convinced. I was reduced to sneers and sarcasms, which she bore in gentle silence. She had that heroic sweetness which suffers with a smile, and always seeks to hide a wounded sensibility.

We were blessed with children. I loved them, Heaven knows. But their mother, I thought, was all too fond; so I seldom gave them caresses or indulgences. She was much too yielding, unless some great moral principle was involved; therefore I never let them know it, if my comfort and convenience gave place to their pleasures, and only caressed them when they had been faultless, — which, of course, was seldom. She was too sympathizing; therefore I never pitied cuts or bruises, nor the little sorrows and disappointments which are great to little hearts. Thinking all evil best nipped in the bud, I never winked at the slightest fault. I allowed no exuberances even in good; I thought much pruning trained the young plant towards heaven, and prevented unequal developments. Even an infant, I believed, could be taught never to cry unreasonably, and to know the language of frowns as well as that of smiles.

It was because I sincerely wished my children to grow up good and great, that I was a stern father, a strict disciplinarian. I felt not then that each blow that fell stunningly on the scared child, fell crushingly upon my wife's heart: I saw not that every loud, harsh, impatient tone, pierced her gentle spirit like a dagger. I would not know that the arbitrary restrictions and constant intimidations which pressed the child into so strait a path that he could not morally breathe or expand, stifled also the mother's hopes for him, and with it her joy in the maternal relation. The children were unnaturally grave and quiet; unnaturally clean; unnaturally fond of history-cards, and dissected maps, arithmetical puzzles, and chess-problems; they had headaches and coughs, and puny limbs which abhorred exercise. I dreaded for

them all companionship with other children, which *were* children : they must be kept in the nursery with older people, and watched. Their mother made herself their playfellow and their slave ; but over her still young feelings a withering blight of constant anxiety and close confinement came slowly on. Both mother and children sighed amid their games, and their voices were plaintive even in mirth. Why did I not see that poor Eva was like a plant which has been uprooted from its native sunny nook, banished to a bleak and dry field, and was daily shrinking, and growing colorless, and losing all flexible grace ? "How my wife fades !" I frequently thought and said ; "but it is ever thus with so delicate a style of beauty."

The crisis came at last. The crystal vase was shattered, and my happiness with it. Though that blessed spirit forgives me now, as she forgave on earth, and my conscience accuses me of no intended unkindness, life is now mostly pain and penance. May I be pardoned also by Him who alone can know my heart, and its solitary remorseful griefs ! To the world I am still the same stern, uncompromising man. Yet I am more humble, I hope more Christian, in heart. A deeper insight into the mysterious workings of human sensibilities and sympathies is softening my natural rigor. Fain would I still talk only of myself ; for my lone heart yearns for sympathy, while I shrink from what remains of my task of confession.

My oldest boy had his mother's sensitive and delicate nature. Love was the one great want of his being, the key-note which thrilled sweet music to the lightest touch. I loved him, but I repressed my heart-yearnings. I would make him manly ; I would harden him to meet the pitiless attrition which I (and I was hardened enough, Heaven knows) encountered in a business-life. Many cruel shocks I met, as I strode in my straight path, turning neither to the right nor the left. What immunity for *him* ? He must learn to bear the yoke in his youth. Ah, had I known that he was early to die ! Would not some tenderness have flowed out from my rocky bosom ! But the rock had not then been smitten. Double was the stroke, my very soul was cleft.

Bad *men* are not punished twice for the same offence ; yet one of my maxims of well-meant severity was this : The child punished at school shall be punished again at home. Little Wilfred

always told the truth, though his temptations to duplicity were as strong as bodily fear and dread of shame could make them; he was a true martyr, until — My blood boils when I think of the tyranny under which that lofty though tender spirit at last sunk, — at last fell. One day, I was sitting in my wife's sick-room. She had been ill, and her long-broken health made convalescence ever slow and disheartening. Care always came to her before strength, and forestalled it; for I, strong man as I was, leaned on her for my household comfort, and even made complaints of disorder and discomfort prevailing below, from the absence of the usual guiding spirit, while yet she required absolute rest and quiet. Alas! But it was less selfishness than inability to understand physical weakness, or to feel compassion for mental discouragement.

As I sat by my wife's couch, little Wilfred came sobbing to throw himself upon her bosom. She embraced him, and with soothing caresses and soft tones endeavored to calm and strengthen him. "Stop crying, and tell us what is the matter," I said, the more coldly because I felt myself moved by the touching picture. "This girlish weakness does not become my Wilfred. Let us hear the mighty trouble; did you tumble down?" — "Father, I told a lie!"

He had been whipped at school to make him confess a fault he had not committed, and the scourge had been victorious over his noble truthfulness: he had ceased to assert his innocence. He had allowed them to pronounce him guilty, and had come home in an agony of nervous excitement to tell his story of injustice and remorse to his mother.

I disbelieved! No blow from my hand would have so crushed him. He felt that by one moment's weakness he had lost the right to credence; that his hard-won praise and his own esteem had been cruelly torn from him. His soul sunk beneath the weight of shame and dread. His eyes wildly sought mine: he read no mercy there. He trembled. My wife had long ceased to remonstrate, to entreat, at such moments. She had learned that my firmness could be aggravated into obstinacy, and my harshness to cruelty, by opposition. But now she wept, she even knelt, as she entreated me for once to spare him. I made no reply; I took him from the room. In mortal terror he shrieked ere I had raised my hand. I heard a heavy fall; I rang the bell, for I thought Eva had fainted. No one heard. I left the child,

flushed, and shivering, and wild; bidding him not stir. I went up stairs: my wife lay on her face upon the threshold, blood gushing from her mouth. She never spoke more! Her dying eyes forgave me, — pitied me; but her last words were those agonized entreaties for mercy which I sullenly disregarded: My poor Eva!

It was long before I remembered Wilfred, and then I sought for him in vain. He had fled from home. Darkness came on, and then a heavy rain. I was on the borders of distraction. My wife lay dead, my boy was lost, and through my own implacable tyranny and pride. In that dark hour I was visited by a horrible temptation. Thank God, it was only then, — the thought of self-destruction. Word was brought that the child was found: he was at a friend's house. I found him raving in brain-fever. I hung over him in agony, and then came tears and prayer; and I was saved for repentance. He knew me not — it was well. I left him only to follow his mother to the tomb, with the smile of the blest upon her snowy lips. In three days I laid Wilfred by her side.

The mother of Eva reproaches me not; she seeks to comfort me, heart-broken man that I am. She has taken my children into their mother's genial home, and I am well content to leave them wholly to her fond care.

They are daughters; Wilfred was my only son. At first I seldom went to see them; I felt as if my gloomy countenance would sadden their young hearts. But now all my leisure is spent in their society. They love me; and, if they also fear me, it is not that fear which depresses and repels. "What will papa say?" brings no heavy shadow upon their open brows, only a gentle thoughtfulness. I rebuke them, — they lay their blushing faces upon my bosom.

c.

THE ROMISH CELIBACY.

AN angel stands at the gate of Paradise, and, turning in every direction a flaming sword, prevents all access to it. Naked are our first parents driven thence, in sorrow and in despair. No more for them, God's last and most perfect work, the seal of his creation, do celestial spirits form an invisible crown, or stand in groups to shelter them from the rays of the sun and from the dews of night; but, taking their flight, allow henceforth their soft and delicate limbs to stiffen and harden by exposure to the burning heats, the chilling rains, the tempest's might, and the hurricane's violence. No more for them is Earth a kind and benevolent mother, delighting in offering to them her store of various and beautiful productions; but, as if struck with their ingratitude to the Creator, she becomes arid and desert, a cruel step-mother; exacting, in return for the few wild and bitter herbs she condescends to yield them, the sweat of their brow, forced from them by unremitting labor. No more for them fields smiling with plants and flowers. No more the sweet odor of fragrant herbs, dispensing an atmosphere of heaven; but, in their place, and in every path, spring up thorns and thistles, and the air they breathe is heavy with disease and death. Sorrow and tribulation attend them at every step. Alas! how changed the lot of our first parents! How sudden the transition from so immense delights to so dire privations; from the height of enjoyment to such a depth of misery! Even he could scarcely form an idea of it, who, accustomed to all the luxuries of life, to the pure and celestial air of temperate regions, should see himself by main force deprived at once of even the necessities of life, and compelled to breathe only the unhealthy and putrid atmosphere of some dank, unwholesome dungeon, such as the tyrants of earth, those crowned brigands, prepare for the man, the social being, who, in the performance of his duty, dares to assert his rights, who demands political and religious freedom.

But who, then, was the cause of so dire a ruin? Who transformed man from the most blissful to the most wretched of beings? It was woman! That companion whom God had destined for man, to be united to him in prayer, to bless him with her love; this being who,

with her enchanting beauty, ravished the sight of Adam at his awaking from his heavy sleep; this creature, in whose serenely innocent face was reflected the smile of the Father; this work of perfection, beloved by God, and admired by the angels, was the cause of such a misfortune. She abused the freedom of action granted to man; and, when creation was yet in its infancy, and beautiful and glorious shone the stars in heaven in their new-created light, and when all nature was smiling with joy and innocence, it was woman that introduced sin and misery into the world; it was she that interposed a veil of obscurity between man and God.

Whenever we experience pain, or in any misfortune, we are naturally inclined to murmur against ourselves, or against those whom we believe, justly or unjustly, to be the cause of our suffering. The example of him who died on the cross, who as a man felt the impulses and the tendencies of the human heart, and as a God knew its powers and its limitations, gives us, it is true, an idea of the perfection of which man is capable; but this perfection would make angels of men, and never can man expect to attain it until he is freed from what is human and earthly. To forget offences, to pardon an enemy, this is what a good Christian daily strives to do; but to love one who has made us unhappy, to bless one who has deprived us of every comfort, to do this instinctively, that seems beyond our power.

To do it, a strong and more efficacious object must predominate in man's mind, be this predominating object spiritual or worldly, be it the Creator or the creature. Adam felt this predominating power, but he felt it in the creature. He saw all the lost delights, all the suffering and privations he was going to endure, he and all his generations; but he saw woman with her attractive and chaste charms, and he forgot all his sufferings; he felt happy only with her; he knew that she was the bone of his bone, the flesh of his flesh, and he called her *Life*, a name of which the meaning is "*mother of mankind*," signifying that he could not endure life without her.

Now, if a simple condescension toward the companion that God had destined to Adam has infused into the world the tendency to evil, ought there not to have been infused into the human heart, powerfully, and as Adam felt it, love for woman? Is not this love innate with us? Is it not perhaps felt with greater or less intensity by the inhabitants of the polar regions and of the

equator, by the savage and civilized man in every region of the earth, and in every climate? Was it not the Creator who, in his infinite wisdom, recognized this fact, and said that it was not good for man to live alone? Why, then, should the Catholic priest be deprived of so great a benefit? Does it aid or injure Christianity? That is the question.

Celibacy was a custom entirely foreign and idolatrous: it was not ordained by Christ, nor enjoined by the apostles, nor recognized by the most learned of the primitive Christians. A man called Anthony, or Saint Anthony, preached it for the first time in Egypt, in 305; but the Council of Nice rejected the doctrine twenty years after, and century after century rolled by without the least observance of it. In 1073, celibacy began to be introduced among the priesthood; and it was finally established by the Council of Piacence in 1095. The Popes were then at the summit of their splendor and power: the holy water and excommunication had then their greatest influence. Gregory VII. obliged the Emperor of Germany (Henry IV.) to remain three days with bare feet at the gate of his palace in the depth of winter, imploring pardon and the remission of his sins. Pope Alexander III., in mounting his horse, caused the stirrup to be held by Henry II., of England. Pope Celestine III. showed Henry VI. that he could at pleasure, with his foot, both take away crowns, and humble crowned heads. The English tribunals made appeals to the Roman courts. Every man submitted to, and bowed down before, these demigods, who pointed with one hand to the closed doors of heaven, and with the other to the golden key of entrance.

But to consolidate their power, to confirm their doctrines, they needed to show themselves as beings living on earth, but belonging to heaven: they had, in order to manifest their usefulness, to separate themselves from the rest of mankind, and hence the celibacy of the Popes, Bishops, Priests, and Sextons; hence men living to appearance a contemplative life, entirely aloof from the common interests, sentiments, and relations of mankind, despising the vanities of the world, conquering the incitements of the flesh.

According to them, the world is a balance, of which one scale is full of the sins and corruptions of corrupt and sinful men, which would cause it to descend to hell but for the help of these pious, devout, and holy men, who maintain an equilibrium, by filling the

other scale with prayers, abstinences, macerations. Oh! shame, shame, shame!

Notwithstanding what has been said by the advocates of celibacy, we maintain, 1. That celibacy is opposed to God's will. When God speaks by Adam, he says: "A man shall leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife; and they shall be one flesh." To Abraham he says, "I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great;" and elsewhere: "And I will make thy seed as the dust of the earth; so that, if a man can number the dust of the earth, then shall thy seed also be numbered;" and again: "Look now toward heaven and tell the stars, if thou be able to number them; so shall thy seed be." "I have blessed Ishmael, and will make him fruitful, and will multiply him exceedingly." Again, speaking to Abraham by the mouth of an angel, he says: "I will multiply thy seed as the stars of heaven, and as the sand which is upon the seashore;" and to Hagar, Sarah's maid: "I will multiply thy seed exceedingly, that it shall not be numbered for multitude." In the new dispensation, God speaks by the mouth of the apostles, and says, "Let every man have his own wife, and let every woman have her own husband;" and again: "A bishop must be blameless, the husband of one wife." After so many citations, to enjoin celibacy is to deny God, to directly oppose his will and his command.

2. Celibacy is opposed to the laws of nature. As the religion of Christ has two bases, — the love of God and the love of one's neighbor, — so the laws of nature are based on two principles: 1. The preservation of the individual; 2. The reproduction of the species. All that exists in the animal, vegetable, or mineral kingdom shows us this truth. The timid hare seeks shelter and security in the hedge; the ferocious lion has a den for repose; birds migrate to find a climate more congenial to them; even plants and trees, though deprived of locomotion, send forth their roots toward those parts of the ground where they can find the most nourishment; man, vexed by a painful disease, will give all he possesses to the one who can restore him to health. If the sea retire from one shore, it is but to make inroads on another; if a mountain gradually sinks and disappears, by the law of subsidence, a hill or a valley gradually rises elsewhere; every fruit

has his seed; every animal naturally reproduces its kind; the priest only, of all created existences, excepted.

3. Celibacy is the corner-stone of immorality. Religion is innate in man. The apparent holiness which the priest used to profess with hypocritical gravity, the influence he exercised in the government, the assistance tyrants granted to him, all contributed to support and maintain him in his power. But power alone was nothing for him: he aimed at things more important; he was inclined to be the seducer of innocence, a demoralizer of society, the executioner of mankind. To fulfil more readily his wishes, he needed some devilish inventions, and he found his resource in auricular confession. Look at him in his confessional chair, as a judge in the tribunal of God. He penetrates into the most hidden recesses of the human heart, examines its tendencies, and encourages all its propensities to evil. All that maintains the people in ignorance, all that quenches every noble and generous sentiment, all that contributes to consolidate despotism and tyranny, all that conduces to increase his own wealth and happiness, and satisfy his desires, all this is earnestly pursued by him, and all under the veil of holiness. Oh infamy, eternal infamy to the priest! It is there that he disseminates his deceitful maxims. Kings, he says, are anointed and crowned by the Vicar of Christ, the representative of God on earth. To obey them blindly, to be a sacrifice for them, to give one's life at their simple wish, justly or unjustly, reasonably or from a caprice, this is the duty of a true Christian. What does it matter if they and their magistrates draw blood from your veins; if they abuse your honor; despoil you of your property; if they annihilate you? Christ our Lord was acquainted with grief, — was a man of sorrow; he suffered, and died on the cross. Ought we not, having his example and his sufferings for our guide, to be patient, and let them deprive us of every thing, even what is indispensably necessary to our subsistence? He who suffers the most in this life will enjoy most in the life eternal: let us suffer then, brethren, — suffer patiently, and we shall be saved, and happy in heaven. He advises the timid and modest damsel not to become attached to any human creature, but to hate the world. To love a man who could make her happy, — this is what they call profanation, sacrilege; but to love the father-confessor, to depend completely on him and on his will, that is an innocent, a natural, a holy

thing. To the honest and virtuous wife he says it is her duty to seek to secure the happiness of her husband, never to betray him, but also never to forget the father-confessor. To the fallen woman he threatens the wrath of God, — hell-vomiting fire; no hope of pardon; of no avail compunction, tears, repentance. She must beforehand satisfy the father-confessor; and so, only so, she can obtain through him the forgiveness of her sins, — she can hope for paradise. But I forbear. Self-respect, and respect to outraged humanity, oblige us to desist. Better is it to bury in oblivion the horrors, the dreadful deeds, the heinous wickedness. My object is not to show that the priest is a son of perdition, — that he has misled mankind, that his path leads to death, to hell. To affirm this is only to repeat what everybody knows. We aim to point the true way to freedom, to happiness, to life, to heaven. Before we overthrow the shaking edifice of the priesthood, let us erect in our hearts another edifice, with Christ and his precepts for its foundation. O ye who aspire to civil and religious freedom! be sure that you will never attain it until you dispense with priests, and take Christ only for your guide. As virtue is opposed to vice, and light to darkness, so a priesthood is opposed to Christ. Priesthood has always been but another name for slavery, egotism, hate; whilst Christ is freedom, equality, love. When Christ assumed a human body and abode on earth, his mission was that of reforming society, of placing men on the same level. His doctrines were filled with the essence of true democracy. Hear, for example, his maxims: "Whosoever will be great among you, shall be your minister. And whosoever of you will be the chiefest, shall be the servant of all." And he aimed to establish this point firmly and directly. "He that is not with me is against me" were his words. He knew the priests, and he called them "a generation of vipers;" and they, in return, the Scribes and Pharisees, Pilate and Herod, condemned to death as an impious malefactor, as a deceiver of the people, as a blasphemer, the true Republican, the God-man, who had said, "Destroy this temple, and I will build it again in three days." Well, it has happened so. History is there, and speaks clearly. After three days, Christ arose in all his splendor. His church rose on the ruins of the ancient society. The golden or wooden idols were destroyed, and cast into the fire; and the

cross, formerly the symbol of infamy and ignominy, has since become the emblem of glory and triumph.

So it was foretold, that, "in the latter times, some shall depart from the faith, speaking lies in hypocrisy, forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats, which God has created to be received with thanksgiving of them which believe and know the truth." And we have seen the fulfilment of these prophecies; we have seen it completely. And, as it was foretold that all this had to happen in the latter times, so we must firmly believe that the kingdom of Christ is at hand, very near, now that the kingdom of priesthood, the kingdom of the Antichrist, is at its end.

O ye immoral priests! high dignitaries of the church! — ye prevaricating Popes; princes of Sodom and Gomorrah, decorated with purple and gold; ye who preach abstinence and slavery in the name of a God whom ye do not know, — tremble, tremble! Your religious prestige is already overthrown, in the eyes of the masses; your offices no longer sustain the tyrants; and the sword of the Cæsars will no longer avail to save you. Your hour is drawing nigh; the voice of the people is the voice of God; and the people are already awake, and ready to hurl their thunders upon you. They know to-day that they have always been mistaken when they have sought to exterminate despots; they know to-day that despotism is but an effect, of which you, the priests, are the cause; and that, to remove the cause, it is necessary to secure their deliverance from the effect; that, to annihilate tyranny, they must annihilate you. No more priests, then; no more grape-shot Pius Ninths; no more the reign of those Antichrists who have misled the sons of Israel from the true path; who have reduced them to desperation and misery; who have been the scourge of humanity; who have disseminated, throughout the entire world, brutishness, violence, vituperation; and who have confirmed and established the injustice of the great of earth, in the name of that God who would have no name but that of justice!

No more of these Antichrists, and then no more tyrants, — lords who treat the nations like a flock of sheep, and who shear them till they bleed; no more unjust magistrates; no more judges sold to perjured potentates. No! no more of these Antichrists, but a new reign, — the reign of Christ, with a new,

life-giving spirit, at the breath of which the oppressed shall return to life, the blind receive the light of science, the people attain to brotherhood, all humanity to progress. Yes! the reign of Christ, spread over every country, and extended to every shore, in its union one, like one single sea, — and this sea not the stormy Baltic, of opposed nationality, nor the Atlantic, disturbed and agitated by the rivalries of continents; but, in truth, the placid, calm, and tranquil Pacific! Yes; the kingdom of Christ, spread over all nations, celebrated in all tongues, and forming one only people, with one universal liberty, one perfect equality, one immortal brotherhood, one pure religion, simple and true; and this happy and powerful people shall be called the people of Christ!

J. B. F.

THE ARK OF SAFETY.

Two thousand three hundred and forty-nine years before the birth of Christ, Noah and all his family, consisting of eight persons, were commanded by the Lord to enter an ark which should safely shield them from the fury of the stormy blast, and spare them a watery grave. They uttered no distrustful word, nor entertained a murmuring thought against their God, but quietly obeyed his orders, and found protection and mercy, when neighbors and friends were sinking by hundreds around them.

Now, these pious souls committed their all into the hands of their Father with childlike confidence; and it was this *faith* which scattered doubt from their hearts, though the workings of the Almighty were mysterious and fearful.

Although there is no future deluge to cover the green earth and lofty mountains for you to dread, as the "bow of promise" so often assures us, still there are waves of trouble to roll over your soul, and floods of temptation to encompass your pathway through life; and, unless you listen without delay to the voice which now cries, "Come into the ark," you are in danger of a destruction more fearful than that which befell the transgressors of God's law, thousands of years ago; for your undying *soul* may be eternally miserable.

It is said of Noah that he was "perfect in his generation, and walked with God." Following the path lighted by the smiles of an *approving* Father's love, we shall "fear no evil;" for his rod and staff will comfort us on our pilgrimage. Noah's warnings were disregarded by all, save his own family. So now the sinner turns from the faithful preacher's voice as he entreats him to enter the ark which is resting on heavenly heights, with wide-spread doors to receive him, and follows his own chosen course till he will find it is too late: the door will not always stand open.

How unhappy is the child to be separated, but for a short season, from its loving parents! What would it be to dwell eternally apart from the mother who watched over the helpless hours of infancy, and in after-years bestowed that better, deeper sympathy and comfort, for which the homeless wanderer sighs when his heart is lonely? How would the soul pine for a well-remembered voice or look of love! and oh! what utter wretchedness must be in store for the finally impenitent! Oh hasten to enter the spiritual ark of mercy, where is rest and safety for ever.

In the case of Noah, one hundred and twenty years were given for him and his family to prepare themselves for an entrance to the home of security; but with us the case is different. The ark is completed. We know not when we may be in most need of an abiding shelter. It may be this year, or next,—the coming month, or perhaps to-day, that we shall be called to die. In that solemn hour, may we all find that we are worthy to *dwell with Christ!*

"Behold the ark of God,
Behold the open door:
Oh! haste to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

There safe shalt thou abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest;
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest."

...

IMPROMPTU:

Written in the cars between Barrie, on Kempenfeldt Bay, Lake Simcoe, and Toronto,
Oct. 20, 1863.

THE rising sun has broken
The veil of autumn mist,
And every swelling upland
Its rosy light has kissed.
Far o'er the land's wide surface
The mellowing flood is cast,
Till lowly vales and brooksides
Are bathed in it at last.

All underneath the branches
Glide on the living rays,
Till glowing oaks and maples
Break flame-like through the haze.
Between the tender beeches,
From golden shade to brown,
Through varied tints of orange,
Their shimmering light drops down.

The elms stand clad in russet;
The birch-tree meekly bends;
Its silver to the purple
The regal sumach lends.
Blood-stained the yellow leaflets
Give up their summer green,
And beds of tender mosses
Show crimson fruit between.

So, when the north wind shivers
Along the branches brown,
Like a ruby to its setting,
Each crimson waif floats down;
Above the bay, the foliage
Glow's flower-like in the light,
And emerald streaks of meadow
Refresh our weary sight.

O great and mighty Giver!
One touch of thy good hand
Might have crisped with frosty blackness
All the forests of our land;
Might have hung this great cathedral,
From dome to mossy floor,
In the sable garb of mourning,
For the days past evermore!

But, like the dolphin dying,
Thou hast decked in varying light
Every branch, ay, every leaflet,
Till it burns before our sight.
Thou hast given Death a beauty
Such as glad Life never wore;
Made its banners rich and glorious,
As Life's never were before.

Oh! pour into our souls, then,
All this majesty of Thine,
Till we feel our full hearts swelling
With the tide of life divine!
And when the falling leaflets
From *our* branches rustle down,
And the snowy almond-blossoms
Our withered temples crown,—

Let the music of our spirits
Swell on the autumn air,
And be witness that the Giver
Of a better life is near;
Is near to tinge with roselight
All the setting of that sun,
And, with draperies of purple,
To follow his "Well done."

C. W. H. D.

“A HARMLESS OLD GENTLEMAN.”

I BELIEVE in spiritual manifestations. Life is sometimes to me like that game in which, whatever the question may be, the same word enters into the answer. Just so in life: a certain expression, idea, or truth, suddenly emerges before our sight, and, once there, maintains its place, and will not disappear till it becomes a part of ourselves, incorporated with our life. What gives this prominence to particular subjects and particular truths at certain times? Are we ill, and know not our illness? And must this warning unintentionally given us, the chance sayings and doings of others, reveal us to ourselves? I please myself with thinking, that dear friends, no longer by our side, still continue their earthly office, and without sensible communication so rouse and purify the inward sense, that trifles light as air may guide us to our good. Whichever way Providence effects its ends, whether the multitude, and the highways, and the very stones, sometimes preach to us the same sermon, the one we most need, — or whether they always speak, and at the right time our ears are opened to hear, — we cannot doubt that, by this gentle violence, we are led to seek new virtues, and to recognize our faults.

I had reached that period of life when, after the hurry of first endeavor, men pause and begin to feel that they have made a mark on the world, when the restless desires of youth have given place to the sober satisfaction of having done something, and being able to do something more; the age when a man grows smooth and portly, buttons his coat comfortably, wears his hat his own way, takes an air of dignity, — in short, shows to others, in a thousand melancholy ways, that he has parted with his youth.

This step is accompanied by so many immediate agreeabilities, by such pleasant prospects, that we take it willingly. There is a lull when we get to the top of the wave, — a few halcyon days, before we find that this period, though free from desperate perils, harbors an enemy behind every bush, — an enemy whom it is no glory to conquer, but to whom it is infamy to yield. I was entering on this period with as much satisfaction as most men; house, horse, wife and children, were pleasing in mine eyes; I was honored

in public, a happy monarch at home. If any spring of exquisite enjoyment had dried up, I did not miss it; if any dream of youth had vanished, I knew it not.

I was honored because I was acute in discerning the best, the expedient, and because I had strength and independence, and a self-confidence which made others look up to me, and follow my lead. I enjoyed this power over others, though I did not seek it. I preferred to act out my individuality, and to develop it by drawing the best from men and things. I never thought how my life was influencing those nearest me, never asked whether this vigorous vitality of mine might not crush in them some flowers of finer growth,—whether this world was doing in me its perfect work,—whether my old age would be lonely as my manhood was strong; I lived only in the present, the present which seemed the first full flow of a stream which would widen as it went.

There was no one to ask me these questions, to say to me that the consciousness of perfect health is the beginning of sickness,—that everybody is dissatisfied with the man who is satisfied with himself. But what there was no human friend to do, divine love effected,—effected by means so slight, that, while I could not shake them off, I doubted whether they had a reality. After the first hush of gratified success, I found that certain thoughts would not be cast out of my mind. They were awakened in the pulpit, in the streets, in books, in my home itself. Sometimes the same subject made an appeal to my reason, sometimes it conquered my feelings; sometimes I studied how it came to be so, sometimes I dwelt on the consequences, if it were so. When a truth, a view of life and duty, filled my thoughts in this way, it seemed to me the main rule of existence, a truth which would set every thing right. I introduced it apropos to every thing; I was liberal of my lantern to all the world, and finally, with mixed pleasure and reluctance, I acted on my convictions.

The first occasion on which a truth was thus mysteriously suggested to me, was when I read, in the morning paper, of a grievous wrong done to a man whom I had always considered nobody. I glanced at the editor's (as I thought) overstrained sympathy for "the harmless old gentleman," and supposed he wished to fill his columns. But this was not the last I was to hear of the harmless old gentleman. Men, who had never noticed his existence before, seemed suddenly to feel for him the most unaccountable tenderness.

Clergymen extolled his humility, merchants confessed they missed with sorrow his face from their haunts, women wept for him, they knew not why. I began to suspect in him some virtue nature had made me incapable of perceiving. I could not understand the feelings excited by him. I inquired all about his life and character. I studied him, and their feelings toward him. I revolved and agitated the question, as I walked to and from my store, and in my leisure hours. Why did they love this "harmless old gentleman"? what made him a "harmless old gentleman"? can every man be a "harmless old gentleman"? and, if so, will *he* be as much beloved?

Meantime, my tailor recommended a coat of sober cut; my hatter brought out a hat that would become a judge; my shoemaker supposed I would like an easy fit. Was it, then, true that I was growing old? If so, was I likely to be a "harmless old gentleman"?

As a man of integrity and ability, I was executor of many estates,—became intimately acquainted with wills, and with the last years of masters of families. How few of these, even where there was principle and good intentions, were, in all respects, "harmless old gentlemen"! Some were possessed by *one* idea or feeling; some made slaves of all around them. Others might have averted a flood of mischief by one exertion of the will. The faults easily pardoned in youth, amid a blaze of virtues, served to make age unlovely, and a family wretched; they show large when the activities are quieted, and habits form the whole of life. I led, as it were, two lives: one of action, outward, busy, full of the present; another of thought, full of these shadows and my own reflections. Abroad I seemed a powerful, ambitious, self-relying man; at home I asked myself, Could I ever become a "harmless old gentleman"? Alas! I felt many faults, any one of which would prevent my claiming this title. I made to myself a law, to ask myself on every temptation how this arrogance, harshness, and prejudice would seem, when the charms and graces of youth were gone. I can be patient now with my stupid clerk, for I am determined not to be an irascible old gentleman. I listen to my opponent's reasons, for I will not be an irascible old gentleman. I take an interest in all suffering and all enjoyment, for I hope I shall not be a hard, unsympathizing old gentleman. The day is full of opportunities for me, now I have such an object in life. Others may

preside at the council-board, become merchant-princes, give their names to colleges: I have a dearer object. I care less for the memory of youth and manhood; but I strive to make my age wise, lovely, and of excellent proportions. I ask only to be remembered as the "harmless old gentleman."

CHRIST THE HOPE OF THE WORLD, AND THE LIVING HEAD
OF THE CHURCH.

A SERMON, BY REV. MARTIN W. WILLIS.

MATT. xi. 28. — "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

JOHN xv. 4. — "Abide in me, and I in you."

LET us, dear friends, make the sabbath an oasis in the burning sands of life. The six days' journey through the desert is past once more. Weary and heavy laden, we need the repose of the sabbath. It comes gratefully as an interlude. It breaks the monotony of the world, and hushes awhile the jar of the outer life. Let our strain-to-day chord with the influences that come uncalled to hallow sabbath-worship, and soften our hearts into religious feeling.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." These words of the Son of God are founded upon the deepest consciousness of human nature, — a sense of want. Who is sufficient of himself? Who has outgrown the need of spiritual repose, and the assurances of faith? Let who will think so, and then retire awhile from the glare of life, and seriously meditate upon the problem of existence, — measure somewhat the facts and questions which press upon his mind, and he will feel himself all too weak to walk alone, and the way too dark for simple human vision. And in weakness and darkness he will reach forth the hand, to feel after God, if haply he may find him.

This promise, then, of strength to the weak, — of repose to the heavy laden, — is no interpolation unrecognized by the human consciousness, but, of all the blessed words of the Christ, the most dear and cherished.

The two points most clearly suggested by the text, for our consideration, are these: *the ability of Christ to succor us*, and *the*

conscious need we have of repose in an arm mightier than ours to save. The text is spiritual. Christ gives repose to the weary and heavy-laden soul. He thought little of the conventional conditions of life. His ministry was to the soul; and, as he abides with the true church, and human nature remains unchanged, his word has lost nothing of power by the lapse of time, or the superficial movements of human existence. Centuries pass along, — the mere ripple-marks of eternity touching time; but the blessed words of the Son of God abide for evermore. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden," sound as sweetly now as ever. They come to the sinning and awakened heart, in its needs, with a divine efficacy and power. "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." Who could trust the promise, uttered by any other than the Son of God? "Come unto me!" Why go to him? What strange attraction has ever quickened the heart, when Jesus spoke! How is it that the reverence of the world has been loyal to that lowly one? His name has been woven in with the praise and prayer of the penitent and the pious, ever since he stamped his life upon the heart of the world; and millions have loved to look to him in their trials and in their aspirations. His name has been the synonym of whatever man could conceive of love and truth, as well as the last utterance of believing hearts. We believe Christ was a Redeemer, a manifestation of the Father, — the way and the life. The Infinite was never so clearly revealed in all moral perfections, as in Jesus the Christ. We believe he was more than an ethical teacher of good morality and wise precepts, which it is the part of sound policy to practise.

God spoke through him, loved through him, and through him poured a new tide of spiritual forces into the world, — through him has given glorious pledges of his mercy, — through him has come into communion with his sinning children, and opened a way of escape. Nothing short of this large conception of the office of Christ satisfies the conditions of the case. An Infinite and loving goodness on the one hand, a suffering and sinning humanity on the other, seem to demand this grand provision of Paternal Providence. Jesus is the Reconciler of man to God, — the Mediator between God and man, — the source of spiritual life and blessing to the believer. Touching God on the one hand, and man on the other, we may go to him with perfect trust.

Aside from the experience of spiritual repose, that we feel when

we give ourselves up to Jesus in a grand confiding trust, there are conclusive arguments which prove, that in something more than the moral teachings of Jesus consist the efficacy of faith and the reconciling power of the cross. For Christianity, as an abstract code of ethical principles, stripped of its representative and exponent, — Christ and the Cross, — is no more attractive to the human mind than a problem in mathematics, or an axiom of moral philosophy. Abstractions have no vitality. They touch no heart. They have no incarnation. Take the living Christ out of the gospel, and leave its sheer principles, precepts, and propositions about doing good, and you have taken the heart and soul out of the whole thing. Do that, and you need large constructive power to bring the scattered members of the gospel into symmetrical shape and consistent comeliness. And, when done into the most approved form of a popular rationalism, the body shall not breathe; no spirit-life is there. It shall have no vital blood of religion pouring through its channels, for no heart is there to make the dead form a living presence.

Christ and him crucified are the salient points in the Christianity preached by Paul. Without them, the gospel is left to take its chance with rival systems of religion and philosophy, while Christ is compared with Seneca, Socrates, and Plato. The beauty of their principles, the profoundness of their views, the rare insight of these men into truth, we shall not doubt. But what spiritual forces did any one of them set to work for the spiritual renovation of man? What doctrine or truth did they utter, which was comprehensive enough to reach down into man's moral nature, and grasp the forces of evil having the mastery over him? Could any of them say, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest"? Seneca died manfully, we are told, and Socrates beautifully. But who, with their training, could not, when it is the pride of the savage to die under torture without a murmur? Dying well proves but little. What answer had they to give to the terrible facts of sin? What did they reveal of the eternal and spiritual world?

Socrates may utter words of profoundest wisdom, and none will heed him. Plato may delight the mind with his subtle analysis of the soul, but he reaches no heart. They may teach the love of philosophy, and the world sleeps while they teach; but it remained for Jesus to teach the philosophy of love, and a new life moves

men, and his doctrine goes with a bounding impulse from heart to heart.

They reasoned, Christ declared. He laid his hand on the very heart, and man shall never forget the impress thereof. He spoke to man, a sinner, and conviction followed his speech. No esoteric doctrine had he to conceal from the crowd, and reveal to the few; no difficult or abstruse system for the wise. He unfolded a few sublime spiritual truths, which covered and comprehended the circumference of human nature. But not to these alone do we attribute the permanency of his hold on the affections of the race, or the chief power of his religion. God was manifest in him. He lived a divine life, and hence the force of the text. By the term life, we do not mean a life merely such as we ascribe to Paul or John, Fenelon or Channing. His was an outpouring of a diviner life. That he manifested an ideal life, higher than man has realized, is of course conceded. It had elements found in no other life. Every other, of which we have any cognizance, gives us the constituent elements of humanity. But, somehow, there is divinity here. One drop of water of the sea tells us the nature of the whole. So "one man is a miniature model of humanity." Not so the Saviour. He was, and is, in advance of humanity. He will cease to extort our reverence only when we can reach his ideal. His life was supernatural. It was the great miracle at which the world has not ceased to wonder to this hour.

This divine life was the indwelling God. The inspiration of the spirit, without measure, flowed from the Father into the pure heart of his Son. This is the idea of the words, "I and my Father are one; the Father dwelleth in me. As I live by the Father, so he that eateth me shall live by me. He who cometh down from heaven, giveth life unto the world."

The heart, loyal to transcendent goodness, has been ready to yield him the honors of the Godhead, and so compelled the intellect to frame a formula of the Trinity, which cannot stand the test of logical analysis. As a dogma, we have no interest in it. The doctrine, crystallized into formal statements of the intellect, and insisted upon with a narrow or bigoted zeal, is unreasonable, if not repulsive to our modes of thought; but not more so than the method of a rigid rationalism, which eliminates Christ from the gospel, and reduces Christianity to the lowest terms of a development of Jewish thought and culture.

We believe he was divine. God was manifest in him, and he was the word made flesh. He imparted to the disciples, and so to the world, a higher mode of life; and the communion of that life with the believing heart is the great spiritual fact of religion. Christ is formed in us by this communion of life. So he is the true life of the church; and the weary heart may lean on his bosom, when it feels that the Infinite and Absolute Being is removed, by conditions of existence, so far as not to sympathize with it, as he who took the form of man, and has felt our griefs and borne the sorrows of earth. And, in proportion as we become conscious of the fact, and experience the deep joy of the spirit that flows from such communion, we realize a strength of conviction of the power of the Saviour and the Cross, which no rationalism can boast, and no lesser faith than this confer.

With what pertinency come, then, the words of the text, — “Come unto me, and I will give you rest! I will impart this divine life, and it shall be in you a well of living waters, springing up into everlasting life.” Thus was he, too, the light of the world; and it is no classic dream that he brought light from heaven to relight the altars of earth. He came the Mediator to reconcile man, and make an atonement between earth and heaven; and the point of union is the reception of Christ as a full and sufficient Saviour; and ever since has the pious heart believed Jesus to be the way, the truth, and life. No longer may man feel that he is deserted of heaven, and that God is too great to be moved by our entreaty. For, if God so loved the world that he gave his dear Son, will he not give us all things? The rest which faith bestows is not an outward thing; nor is it a salvation from outward penalties, but inward, vital, and renewing. Salvation cometh not by observation.

“Though Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem is born,
But not in thyself, thy soul will be forlorn;
The cross of Golgotha thou lookest to in vain,
Unless within thyself it be set up again.”

By inward communion with Jesus, we enter into the spiritual life.

But there is another view, which clearly suggests the ability of Christ as a present Saviour, and clothes his words with a new meaning. The text was addressed to the world, as well as to those who stood near him. If this be so, he can be approached

now as well as then; else the text has no meaning to us. The words, "Come unto me, all ye who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," imply a constant ability, as well as a continual call. Indeed, the most solemn thought of religion is the living presence of Christ with the church; and this idea is suggested by the text. We believe in the spiritual presence of Christ. Where two or three are gathered together in his name, there is he. Oh! if we could realize that he is our spiritual companion and friend, whenever we are fit to meet him, how would our hearts burn within us! Should we not desire to act and feel more in harmony with his wishes? Should we not yearn more and more to conform our lives to his? But was not the spiritual guardianship of the church and world given into his hands? What the occult laws of the spirit are, when once it passes out of its fleshy tabernacle, we may not know. That Christ did appear after the crucifixion, when the door was shut, in the midst of his disciples, we have reason to believe, if we believe any thing of the gospel. And, if heaven is not some distant place of spiritual habitation, but near us, we have a right to assume that Christ is living, and is near us.

Why, then, may not his promise be literally fulfilled, to be with the church to the end of the world? And, as virtue went out from contact with him, when in visible form, so it has ever been, that the virtue and power of the church are found in communion with a living Christ; for he has lost nothing of power by reason of invisible presence. Therefore we believe that he who partook of an order of life more pure than ours, is chosen of God to reveal the spiritual things of the eternities, and redeem man from sin, has still a mission in hand.

Though now unseen, he is the strength of the Christian life in every heart where that life has found its way; and he will not give up his office of Head of the church, till every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess him to the glory of God the Father; and thus shall his spirit grow into the hearts of men, till all pronounce him precious.

This fact of Christ's continual spiritual presence has been dimly recognized by the church in all past time. "Lo! I am with you, even unto the end of the world." As nothing can act where it is not, Christ must be in the true church of faith. This presence is confessed in all sincere devotion: "Jesus has been

with us, and he will be with us to the end." It is recognized in the rites of the Protestant Church, and symbolized in the holy mass of the Catholic ritual. A spiritual fact underlies the doctrine of the real presence in the communion. Where two or three are met in his name, he, too, will be present, is the solemn truth we assert. "Abide in me, and I in you." We may seek to explain away the meaning of such passages; but faith cherishes the idea of the real presence of Jesus.

When we feel the matchless beauty of his life, and behold how all that is grand in the ideal of moral perfections becomes him, and stands in visible form in him, in the easiest attitudes of humanity, we are sure so much goodness could not die, or really leave the world again in darkness.

We feel, too, that the church has not been existing on the memory of a dead Christ, but a living Saviour; not on a Christ of transcendental consciousness, without a vital fact behind. No, not a dead or departed Saviour, but a living Jesus, whom we can love, while we feel the return of his compassionate and supernal sympathy. Behind the veil is a living Christ, hidden from mortal gaze, but living, — living in a spiritual world, which falls around, and encloses this shadow of a world, which we think so real, — living, the Redeemer of the race; present to the trembling but trusting heart, and soothing, by a divine tenderness and love, the sorrows of those who, believing, go to him, weary and heavy laden though they be. Such a Christ we love to cherish in hours of aspiration, and when the soul feels the significance of eternal things.

Having spoken of the ability of Christ to succor us, it remains to suggest our need. Man could not raise himself to a higher level than his natural forces would carry him. A power above and beyond him was required. We need not only a new development, but a new birth of the soul out of the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of light. We need to be reconciled in the tenor of our minds, in the manner of our lives. Is there not a bitter consciousness of unworthy hearts and lives, whenever meditation has done its work?

We feel the need, too, of repose. We want to be assured God loves us, cares for us, pities us in our griefs, and forgives our sins; and this is the assurance of the text. Near the broken cisterns of earthly joys, the soul asks, perchance, in agony and remorse,

for the rest of Jesus. Temptation darkens life. Its shadow falls upon us. We feel the weakness of our strength. We sink beneath the waves; and, in the darkness of night, if Jesus stretches forth no hand to save, we perish. Awakened conscience startles us with real and unreal imaginations; and, pressed down with a sense of sin, — a thorough conviction of our unworthiness, — we feel the comfort of the call of Christ. This sense of sin proving that we have no high purpose in living, — that our plans are not God's plans, — that no great principle of life or love moves us to work heartily for God or man, — that a low selfishness poisons our existence, and disarms our better nature, — this consciousness of guilt is indeed a burden. Weary and heavy laden, Christ will give us rest.

The trials of life make us anxious. We are certain only of uncertainty. Cares annoy, sickness of mind and body wears upon us, sorrows darken our way. How beautifully comes, then, the promise of the text, "I will give you rest"!

Again, who that thinks is not tired with intellectual difficulties? Christ relieves us from the labors and burdens of assailing doubts. How often, when we forget to trust, we are ready to exclaim, What shall we believe? What are we? What means this life? Whence and how is another? The life that is, is passing away, and reason struggles vainly to grasp the assurance of the next. We toil on in the labyrinth of logic to find out truth. We seek to know, by the lower processes of reason, what must be a thing of faith and an intuitive consciousness. Like the caged bird, the soul beats against the barriers and limitations of the present, and struggles, till tired and faint, to reveal its future ere it comes; and how hard to give to reason the answer it demands, in view of the triumphs of evil at all, in any province of God's universe! In the midst of our mental difficulties, we may hear the voice of Jesus, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." We cannot always consent to drift on the shoreless sea of intellectual difficulties, and be tossed by its storms. How grateful the rest of Jesus! "I will give rest unto your souls. My yoke is easy, and my burden light." Believe in God, the Infinite Father. He is thine. Come to the bosom of his love. Come, weary and worn by the journey of life. Here rest thy burden. Here pour thy sorrows, not into the dumb, unlistening night, but into the ear of thy God. "Believe in me; I am the way and the life, —

the true light." Trust who will in his own strength, we shall repose in faith on the Son of God.

"I will give you rest." Who does not need it? Shall we not open our eyes to the enormous inconsistencies of our lives? We confess the purity of Christ, yet make no serious and earnest efforts to place ourselves within its reach. We confess our sins, but do nothing persistently to break away from their grasp. We allow the need of a Christian repentance, and yet put away the personal consideration of the matter. We reverence Jesus in form, and neglect his spirit. We approve of progress, and yet stand still. We cherish the hope of immortality in theory, and still live on, as if that sleep we call death completed the full measure of existence, — anxious for a day, as if a day were eternity, and neglecting eternity, as if it were a day; convulsed with intense interest and emotion at those things which even a few short months shall discharge from the memory, yet all the while passive and unmoved when the most tremendous interests of eternity are presented to view! Careful of speech and action before men, and forgetful of the living presence of the holy Christ, or the awful eye of God! Let us awake! Surely the time has come to prove religion a falsity and a shame, or to follow its teachings and submit to its demands. More should be done for it, or less. It is, indeed, the solemn reality. Christ is speaking to our hearts. "The spirit and the bride say, Come; and let him that heareth say, Come; and whoever will, come and drink of the waters of life freely."

KATE A TEACHER.

(Continued from page 314.)

CHAPTER III.

"SOME folks never know when they're in the way," said the cross cook at Mrs. Nelson's, to visitors from a neighboring kitchen. Lucy Ann Hoyt sat reading her Sunday-school book at the table; and, though she did not look up from the page, she knew what looks were turned upon her. She shrugged her shoulders, and turned a leaf.

"I'd never live where there was a 'prentice girl under my feet all the time," said Cassandany Stubbs.

"Under foot? Yes! and trampled down," muttered the reader, as if to herself. Then she lighted a lamp, and retreated to a sink-room, carrying her book and chair. Slamming the door behind her, she made an inconvenient table of the sink, and was soon happily oblivious of the real world, and holding sweet converse with refined and interesting company in the realm of fancy.

Presently the cook's voice was heard, and never was it more unwelcome.

"Lucy Ann! Lucy Ann!"

"What do you want?"

"I shall tell the mistress who burns out the oil."

"And who made me? I've as good a right to the kitchen as you; and, if you don't want me, you need not complain of my lamp."

"Talk of your rights when you earn wages. Go to bed."

"I won't! I want to read. Can't you let me alone?"

"We don't want spies listening to all we say."

"As if I cared to hear! and, if I did, I aint so mean as to listen."

"Go to bed, or I'll make ye."

"So that you may treat! I'll tell where the apples go to, if you don't let me alone."

"Tell then. I should ask for them, only I don't want Miss Nelson to think what I have a right to have is a favor. I'm too good a cook to be quarrelled with for the value of a few apples. Tell, and you'll catch it, from her and me too."

Lucy Ann gave up the point, and went up stairs, pursued by scornful laughter in gruff and treble tones. She did not mind it, however, as she repaid the scorn of the party in full measure.

Long after, Mrs. Nelson went to the top of the house to look at a distant fire. In the large blanket-closet, which served the 'prentice girl as a dormitory, a light was glimmering. The lady was both alarmed and angry to find the girl asleep upon the floor, with the lamp and book beside her.

"Does the hussy mean to burn us up?" Lucy Ann heard, and sluggishly sat up. The close air of the place, and her day's toil, caused a stupor, which Mrs. Nelson regarded as sullen indifference, and was thereby moved to give her a ladylike scolding. She informed her that she was the sole cause of injury to a temper proof to ordinary and extraordinary trials; that a literary turn

was just the worst thing in the world to those in her condition; books were so much poison, infusing high notions and discontent; that she had grown very careless and sluttish, in consequence of reading; that she only kept her from compassion, and that the cook said she was not worth her salt. Then she gave the sulky face that was looking up at her a little slap with the back of her hand, as she ordered her to put out her lamp, and then undress, and in future always remember no light must enter that room. Mrs. Nelson's rustling descent of the stairs, and the last gleam of the lamp she carried, seemed to poor Lucy Ann to carry with them the last remnant of cheerfulness left in her life's prospect. Affection must have something to cling to, and the child admired, and, as much as she dared, loved her handsome lady. The light blow, which had barely touched her cheek, had fallen heavy on her heart. She lay down upon her face upon the floor, and wept, not passionately, but with those slow, cold, silent tears that come from a heart shut out from sympathy. Her intellectual hunger, — was that a crime in the eyes of one who spent sums beyond account in beautiful books, and could read, if she chose, till midnight? And was she not the object, more than the cause, of ill-temper? Surely she worked hard, if not well; her service, at least where she came in any relation with the parlor-inmates, was willing, if awkward. And, as for the cook, — what, not worth her salt, when labor too hard for her age was laid upon her daily, when no hour of daylight was her own for needle or book, and when, in fact, her recompense was scarcely more than her salt, for the same work which Cassandany Stubbs had wages for, and wages on which she could afford to be fine! Yes, almost as fine as Mrs. Nelson, who had talked of reading being the source of high notions, and at the same time the cause of sluttish appearance and habits. Poor Lucy Ann wondered if any one could manage to look nice with thrown-by garments, ill-fitting, and of inappropriate texture and fashion! Oh for the means of filling up certain felt deficiencies, to have a well-assorted stock of clothes! Oh for a nice chest of drawers, and a looking-glass, a new brush, and a comb with all its teeth; the luxury of a window in her room, and perhaps even a washstand and towels all to herself! A little time to sew, and a little teaching — O stop there, poor Lucy Ann! These are high notions indeed!

The next Sunday, Kate's class assembled with alacrity, and with

pleasant smiles on every face but one. Poor Lucy Ann's under lip had a more disconsolate droop than ever. She handed a prettily written note to Kate, in which Mrs. Nelson requested she would give the bearer a lesson of some kind, but no story-books. She would explain the reason of her disapproval of the works of fiction provided for the scholars to read, another time. Seeing that the girl watched her countenance as she read the note, as if she guessed its contents, Kate said, in a cheerful tone, —

"It is the boys' turn to take books to-day, you know. I will see Mrs. Nelson this week. Jump down, little Margey, and sit on the cricket, and you may have these pictures to look at; and now, Lucy Ann, come sit by me. I have something to show you." Helen Hammond reached eagerly forward to give Lucy a congratulatory smile. It was wasted. Lucy moved a little nearer Kate's end of the pew, without looking at anybody.

"Stuffy!" whispered Nance Truman, in high wrath and derision.

"She does not feel acquainted with us yet," said Kate, gently. Lucy Ann came at last, and sat down quite as close to her teacher as was desirable. A Bible, with clear, large print, and a frontispiece, and the binding protected by a neat cambric cover sewed on, was ready for Lucy's use. Kate desired her to read the chapter on which she was going to question Helen, after hearing Nancy's catechism and hymn. Helen went round to her side, to help her find the place, and took the opportunity to turn to the blank leaf, on which was written, "Lucy Ann Hoyt," with the date, and a verse of poetry. Lucy Ann read this again and again, and seemed more pleased with the written proof of Kate's consideration than with the book itself, which any unprovided Sunday scholar might expect to receive. Two of the lines, —

"O keep it ever near thee,
In sorrow let it cheer thee," —

seemed to Lucy peculiarly soothing; she did not know why, for she was not thinking of the value of the Bible as a comforter, nor fully sensible of her own need of consolation. Those only feel themselves to be in actual sorrow, who have had happiness to lose, and have lost it.

Nance repeated her lesson with no fault but a lack of intelligent emphasis. Kate asked her if she had remembered her intention

of being more useful than common in the house during the week. Nance was delighted at this opening for confidence, and gave her week's history, enumerating the jobs in which her catechism had been her constant companion (and it bore the marks of its partnership).

"There's them in the house as has seen better days, Miss Grinl'f, and as knowed your father, and loved him (for to know him, was to love him). The poorhus folks has hearts as well as everybody else; and that you'll know, if you'll come down and let 'em see yer face. I let 'em know I had got the teacher *he* taught, and I was going to learn to be a Christian, like him, that's gone to heaven, as certain as God's promises are in the Bible."

Kate's eyes filled, and she promised she would call and see Nance and the aged tenants of the home for the homeless.

(To be continued.)

EDITOR'S COLLECTANEA.

THE CASE OF ANTHONY BURNS.

ON the second day of June, under the forms of law, at the claim of a Col. Suttle, of Richmond, Va., a young black man, called Anthony Burns, was removed from Boston by force, and, being placed on board a United States vessel, was returned to Southern slavery. The circumstances are too familiar to need a recital here. In common, probably, with most of our readers, we have been passed through a conflict of emotions, where it was hard to draw the lines of moderation, and have sought to purge out from a just and righteous indignation the elements of mere mortal passion. We ought carefully to separate what is Christian in our sorrow from what comes only of wounded pride and an insulted honor. It is not that Virginia has conquered Massachusetts, — that our necks are under the heel of the oppressor, — that our prophecies have failed, and our wishes are disappointed. In ordinary times, these might be legitimate causes of excitement; but now we must recall only one overshadowing crime.

A free man, a child of God, a brother of us all, with limbs, and rights, and affections, as dear to God as our own, guiltless of any crime, unsuspectingly pursuing his simple and honest work, just beginning to breathe freely after a life of bondage, — whose fatal error was that he had escaped from the worst wrong that man can suffer alive, — a wrong which most of us would rather die than bear, — has been robbed and enslaved under a law of the land. Let us look round in our homes, and select the child, the brother, the father, any object dearest to our love, put him in the slave's place, and then judge how we ought to feel, to pray, and to act.

As Christian believers, it is our business to study and apply the gospel of liberty and love, — this gospel, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." We pretend to acknowledge a brotherhood in the Saviour who came to preach glad tidings to the poor, — to set at liberty them that are bruised. Place the unrighteous historic fact, then, by the side of our position and professions, and say, if the fact stood supported and approved of the people, what other topic our religion is likely to concern itself with for the present, except so profligate and infamous a contradiction.

As we mingled with citizens of all classes, within a week after the crime was committed, we were inclined to suppose that the occasion for any appeal to their conscience or their sympathies was well nigh forestalled. God himself, as the method of his providence so often is, seemed to have taken up the gloomy transactions of an unjust authority, and turned them into the most impressive of all anti-slavery lectures, in the streets of our city. We are now no longer without palpable demonstrations of the enormous and organized iniquity that has grown up into the American despotism. Not content with the slow process of converting us into its determined and unchangeable antagonists by distant aggressions, slavery has thought fit to come and array us into a more united hostility, by thrusting its abominations in our very faces, and parading its offensive details under every eye. Had every thing in this foul history been purposely contrived to deepen the popular disgust, and to stimulate into action the most sluggish indifference, the whole train of incidents could hardly have been more admirably adapted to the end.

The tyrannical usurpation by which the most sacred affections, and a private correspondence, were made the instruments of the poor fugitive's arrest, — the unwarrantable interruptions of private industry during the trial, — the insolent conduct of subaltern officials, — the character of many of the persons whom it was

found necessary to employ to furnish brute force for the proceedings, — the privileges secured to the doer of a bad errand over our native citizens, — the filthy aspect of our tribunals of justice, — the swaying of the constructions of law itself, as some competent lawyers think, in favor of the oppressor, — these are the strange accompaniments that have served to rouse a wholesome attention to a system which had always in it the essence and sum of every crime, — which is the regular and unintermitted producer of cruelty and vulgarity, of thefts and murders, of sloth and lust and adulteries, — accompaniments which, but for the central iniquity of the main transaction, would rise of themselves into a kind of enormity of outrage. We have in our English tongue certain terms, whose meaning, among gentlemen, has come to be well settled and defined, such as honor, magnanimity, chivalry, fair play, nobleness, high-mindedness. It is felt, among gentlemen, that these words do not fit these proceedings.

It is not strange, then, that the reaction became so rapid and so deep, that a feeling was stirred, quite consistent with all good faith and order, abiding by the maintenance of law as firmly as ever, and penetrating the most conservative divisions of society, which is certain never to sleep again till the North ceases to be a hunting-ground for human blood. It is not strange that citizens came back to their houses, after the humiliating scenes of that portentous Friday, saying, with a resolution all the more invincible because it was calm, "These things shall not always be." It is not strange that many repudiated, thenceforth, the mercenary computation that would calculate, by a meanness which even barbarians would despise, the price of a servile concession to inhuman demands in the paltry dollars that a Southern trade might realize, and that they refused to weigh the rights of the most helpless man against the interests of the market. It is not strange that the hardest organs have begun to be nauseated at the spectacle of a majestic Republic, in the seventy-eighth year of its boasted independence, stooping its sublime power to the chasing and chaining of a feeble slave. It is not strange that public officers, having felt it a duty to master their finer impulses to discharge an unwelcome and hateful duty, should begin to loathe any place that puts such unclean tasks among its obligations. It is not strange that military men, courageous for any honorable sacrifice, should lay aside their arms and uniforms after a day like that, declaring that, if the only serious service of their commission is to be the hunting of black men, their retirement is at hand. It is not strange that good men everywhere, by speech,

by vote, by petition, by earnest and untiring exertion, move for a sweeping repeal of every statute that makes such obscenities lawful. The duty we have to do is to make these better impressions permanent.

We cannot disguise the fact, that one of the most interesting questions in this business has been that respecting the rightfulness of a forcible interference with the United States authorities. Practically, we suppose this question *may* be a distinct one,—though it is not likely long to remain a distinct one,—from the question of the right of revolution. One of the conditions of the innocence of physical force is, that there shall be enough of it. We are disbelievers in all war. But make a supposition: Suppose that, on the evening of May 26, five hundred responsible citizens of Boston, having been properly organized and drilled for such a purpose, with half the practice of any company of volunteer militia, but with no mortal weapons, and in full possession of reason and temper, had moved somewhat rapidly into Court Square; had forced an entrance into the courthouse; had inquired for Burns, and, if refused his body, had instantly so distributed themselves that ten of the number should quietly hold fast and disarm each one of the Marshal's guard, while the other hundred removed Burns to some safer lodgings; and had gone peaceably home themselves. What then? Would not most people, who believe that every unoffending man on God's earth has a right to his own liberty, have been considerably gratified? Would any good man's heart be wounded, or any good institution be damaged, or any public security be weakened? Not a jot. Would any harm be done to the Marshal or his guard? Not a particle. By the overpowering force of numbers, and conscientiously directed muscles, they would simply have been honorably excused from a very odious post. Who knows but the Marshal himself would have gone home to tea with a secret sense of relief at being so unequivocally released from an unpromising job, which he had not felt at liberty to decline? The law would have been defeated; but that evil—if an evil at all—would have been balanced by the evil in the law. We may suppose that, in the onset, some of these five hundred disciplined and determined men, really non-resistants, had been knocked down, or perhaps killed, by the officers. Provided they willingly incurred that risk, and met that fate, in obedience to a principle which in other times has had servants whom the world has heard of, would anybody have a right to complain? Certainly not the killing officers, whom the law would justify. To be sure, pos-

terity would have its notions about the relative honors of the two parties; very likely these notions would get mentioned in rather a public and prevalent style. The 26th of May might possibly become conspicuous in the calendar, some time or other, with the 17th of June and the 19th of April; but, as the fugitive-slave-law supporters are not in the habit of believing in a future, this consideration would not affect them as a grievance. As to the Southern slaveholders, they would only have learned, in this way, that they cannot rob, and whip, and sell their fellow-men, and do other pleasant little sins, except on Southern soil, — no very alarming lesson. We have supposed only five hundred men to be engaged in such a supersedure of the bad statute. Provided the great mass of the community sympathized in such a step; provided that had happened, which some of us were simple enough to imagine would certainly happen, in case of another fugitive's arrest, viz.: that the whole body of good citizens had poured themselves peaceably into the streets, to declare that the man should not be taken away, ready to refuse military service or to stir out of the highway, sooner than allow it, — why, then, the transaction would only have been so much the easier, and so much the safer.

Would the Union of States be endangered by such assertions of natural justice? It is generally agreed now, we believe, except by a small class of professional Union-savers, that, so long as the South derives its present advantages from its Federal relations, it is much more likely to bluster about them than to sever them. But, should such a measure come, it is to be hoped we shall be able to say with Dr. Channing: "Vast sacrifices should be made to the Union, but not the sacrifice of duty. For one, I do not wish it to continue, if, after earnest, faithful effort, the truth should be made clear, that the Free States are not to be absolved from giving support to slavery. *Better that we should part, than be the police of the slaveholder.*"

We may well, therefore, contemplate the remoter results possibly involved in an attempt at a rescue. Suppose it involved a dissolution and reconstruction of the government. Of the right and wrong of the incipient steps of revolution, — after the moral conviction of the actors, — history is the real Rhadamanthus. Through history God pronounces his decision. The two visible characters by which men interpret that decision are success and failure. And so it happens that the cause which succeeds is the good cause; the illustrious cause; the cause of heroism and devotion; the cause that men celebrate with eloquence, illumina-

tions, monuments, with undying veneration. The cause that fails is the accursed cause; the cause of sedition and reckless violence; the cause that men assail with vituperation and immeasurable scorn. Between seven and ten o'clock one morning, the morning of July 2, 1644, a disturbance was made on Marston Moor, by one Oliver Cromwell, and a number of associates. Had this rebellious undertaking fallen through, or been "put down" on the spot by the law-and-order party, then it would have been a rascally riot, and the bloodthirsty, disorganizing fanatics and scoundrels would have met the fate they deserved; but, as it happened that there were forty-one hundred and fifty bodies to be buried that night out of the King's army, and as Cromwell was able to write to his brother-in-law, "We never charged but we routed the enemy," so that Prince Rupert found it convenient to travel speedily into Lancashire, and the Marquis of Newcastle took voyage over seas in disgust, and a series of other events followed, in the same line, still more impressive, — therefore Marston Moor is one of the shrines of the world's homage. The Ironsides and the Roundheads are the chivalry of modern England. Again, the little band of disguised men that managed to throw British tea into Boston Harbor, on the evening of December 16, 1773, have secured a very respectable reputation in the eyes of the stiffest and most decorous conservatives; but, had they been surrounded, as they were leaving the wharf, by a detachment from the garrison at Castle William, had Governor Hutchinson's troops and the consignees got them into custody, and the rising spirit been crushed there, what would these heroes in our annals have been but a parcel of crazy and ill-disposed rebels, disgraced even among their moderate fellow-provincials? For the more prudent friends of independence would have said, "This is sheer folly; we abhor the tax, but believe in carrying out the law." From such examples it is easy to see that those who embark in an illegal movement for human rights must be willing to be judged of man's judgment by the issue: only we must always remember, that into the success there enters another element besides the strength of man, and that is the will of God. Providence is never absent. The outbreak at Faneuil Hall and Court Square, the other day, was a riot, and not a majestic triumph of principle; first, because it was an abortion; but, ultimately, it was an abortion because there was a better purpose to be answered by its defeat, and so God did not let it prosper. How difficult it is to be passionless in a crowd, and thus fit to be there at all, is seen in the slaughter of Batchelder.

Throughout this terrible conflict, the shallow answer that has

been made to repress nobler instincts, and to quiet protesting consciences, has been this: "Law must be maintained; every high interest,—the whole social security,—depends on maintaining the law." A very innocent and safe sort of statement, in general; but very mischievous and unsafe, when it is allowed to sophisticate men's moral perceptions, and confound the everlasting contradiction God has set between right and wrong. It has finally got to be too tedious to be even ridiculous, to hear well-meaning people, who depend on commonplace hearsays for their ideas, gravely announce this platitude as a stunning rejoinder to all the imperative suggestions of humanity. Has it never occurred to these excellent persons, that it is possible there are some believers in the essential unrighteousness of putting a free man into slavery for no crime, who are also just as firm believers in the advantages and the sacredness of human law, as themselves? We undertake to say, that we know of some uncompromising adherents to the doctrine that Massachusetts ought never to deliver up one of her free citizens to this enormous injustice, *under any possible circumstances whatever*, who will talk as eloquently and as honestly,—yes, and work as hard, and suffer as bravely,—for the maintenance of human law, as any self-justifying commissioner or jealous guardian of the Southern trade. Nay, the real friends of human law in general, as the protection of society, are the determined opponents of this law in particular. A true regard for social welfare involves a total rejection of the entire principle of the Fugitive-slave Bill. To be a lover of "law and order" is to refuse to work any palpable iniquity. And so, at the very time when there was the loudest outcry, through that week of dire eclipse, against anti-slavery rioters, and in behalf of the soldiers and officers who were complimented as keepers of the peace, the truth was exactly reversed: the spirit of law was with the Christian party, who said Burns should not go back; the spirit of violence, and rioting, and assassination, was with the felons and villains that *volunteered* to aid the official arm in acting as the police of the slave-hunter. Nor is this statement affected by the fact, that on both sides there were personal exceptions.

The apparent paradox is resolved in the simple fact, that a defeat of this statute, even a forcible defeat, provided only it is bloodless and passionless, does not abate the supremacy of law or the sanctity of law one whit. It does not touch it. We have been surprised that so many, even of the earnest friends of freedom, have failed to see or to know this plain state of the case. Suppose Burns to have been rescued by the force of immense numbers, before the marines arrived at the Court-house,—numbers actuated

by a calm and resolute moral determination, and sufficient to have overpowered the civil *posse*, without a very serious struggle; suppose fifty or five hundred Burnses to be so rescued; suppose some hunted child of God to be so rescued every week of the year; we say that the cause of law, the security of the citizens, the prevalence of order, the abhorrence of mob-rule, would all remain just as intact and sound at the end of the year, as at the beginning. Such solemn acts of an unconquerable and holy principle would not lift the flood-gates of anarchy one hair's breadth. Was law or order a particle more infirm the morning after Shadrach was carried so peaceably down Cambridge Street, than the morning before? It is time men frankly acknowledged that here is a wholly exceptional case. We are a most law-loving and law-respecting community. The loyalty is so native and inwrought, that even intense emotions and palpable outrages do not suffice to disturb it. We need not have the slightest fear that any law will suffer violation, under the sanction of a local public opinion, except one so abominably bad that the express word of Christianity pronounces peremptorily that it is not fit to be obeyed.

Judge Curtis, in his recent charge to the Grand Jury of this District, virtually advises that those who publicly advocated an attempt to take Burns out of the hands of the officers, and set him at liberty, should be indicted for treasonable language. Undoubtedly, he is a competent judicial expositor. We confess that our own *not* very competent supposition has been, all along, that those orators were thus liable. Why, then, is it not done? We have only an individual opinion on this question. But we suspect a great many others have the same; and that is, that there is a secret impression, of a very decided character, on the minds of the greater number of reflecting persons, that such an indictment would instantly raise its subjects into the legitimate dignity of the noble army "persecuted for righteousness' sake," whom a certain voice in Galilee had the audacity to pronounce "Blessed;" that it would surround them with the rewarding sympathies of illustrious hosts of God's elect spirits, the world over; and, what is more, that the ages, and eternity, would confirm that verdict!

Do we, then, advocate a forcible, and yet a peaceable, rescue of arrested fugitive slaves? Not, assuredly, till all other expedients have been tried without avail. We advocate no form of overt action to that end whatever, for the reason that there is a prior work more imperatively needed, and that is the creation of a definite, clear, settled conviction in the mind and heart of the

people that slavery is an outrageous sin, and every surrender of a fellow-man into it is a horrible affront against Almighty God. It is idle to pretend that our people have reached a sound and wholesome sentiment. Encouraging as the recent change we have already noted, growing out of these late events, certainly is, this conviction is not yet universally attained. After it is attained, no man will be sent into slavery. To produce it, to break up the guilty indifference and the vicious politics, the sordid avarice and the partisan passions, that obstruct it, this is the present work of Christian men, and of all methods of Christian influence; a work quite large enough. The press, conversation, the pulpit, just so far as they mean to be Christian, must heartily and unreservedly join in it. Preachers of the Gospel, especially, must consecrate themselves to it with new confidence, generously relying on the good-will of their parishes, regardless of all querulous timidity. In this way, the public conscience will right itself, and we shall no longer exhibit the enormous inconsistency of going wild with delight at the gallant deliverance of one Martin Kozsta from the clutches of an Austrian despot, or of being roused to battle at the impressment of a single seaman, while we are unconcerned at the merciless oppression of three millions of souls in our own nation. Every one of these slaves will be felt to be a separate, practical denial of the Christianity of the land. When we have this faith once planted and alive, we shall not need to dispute about methods of rescuing fugitives.

There is another thought to be commended to those who allow themselves to be official instruments of the slave-holding tyranny. There is to be a to-morrow, and a day after that. These persons themselves are not to live very long, by the longest term of natural life. Through the retrospects of death, they will pass away, at no very remote period. But have they children who shall bear their names after them? The moral sense of the generation to come will utter a tremendous condemnation of negro-slavery, and all its accessories. The immediate prospect may be disheartening, and the renovated feeling may be slow in preparation. Slavery may carry many points. It may, by arms or cunning, colonize Kansas and Nebraska too. It may steal Cuba. It may prostrate and plunder Spain. It may confederate with Brazil. It may re-open the African slave-trade. It may extort from the North more humiliating concessions yet. It may secure to slave-owners the privilege of travelling over the States now free, with their human property. Northern politicians may cringe, and sleep, and crawl, again and again. It will be no very strange thing, if

we live to see all this. It is too probable that the tragic speed of this insane legislation, following the aggressive course it has steadily pursued for seventy years, will so far outrun the tardy moral regeneration of the country, that civil war, after all, will offer the bloody solution. But, none the less, the moral change will come. The Lord reigneth. "The word of God is not bound." "Yet it moves," whispered Galileo under his breath. Such revolutions never go backward. "Time, that fervent reformer, whose tread he that puts his ear to the ground may hear at a distance coming onwards upon every road," will bring the "fan in his hand." Nobody can suppose that Human Bondage is to be the pet-child of the Divine Economy, or the "peculiar institution" of all the Hereafter. Let the actors in these fearful events choose, in the full anticipation of this inevitable decree of posterity, on which roll their descendants shall find their names recorded; the roll of liberty or oppression, — blessing or cursing, — honor or shame.

PUBLICATIONS.

Egypt, Past and Present. — Rev. J. P. Thompson, of the Tabernacle Church, New York city, knows both how to travel, and how to turn his travels to account for the entertainment and instruction of others. The readers of the "Independent" followed him on his Eastern journey with delight, and, in many cases, with a kind of personal affection. They were grateful at his return in improved health. And now the public have reason to feel indebted to him for a vivid, faithful, discriminating account of all that pertains to Egypt, — the Egypt of Scripture, of classical literature, of ancient and modern history. The book is written with vivacity, but with a deep religious reverence, and is pleasantly dedicated to his travelling companions. Jewett & Co. are the publishers.

Evidences of Christianity, from the Ancient Apologists. — Gould & Lincoln have republished the Hulsean Prize Essay of Prof. Bolton, of Cambridge, on the above subject. The special design appears to be to gainsay the Oxford and Mercersberg theologians, and to strengthen the cause of Christianity in general, but of the Church of England in particular. The argument is distributed according to the old forms of division; and then each department is occupied with a carefully prepared array of patristic authorities, down to the time of Augustine.

Questions on St. Paul's Epistles. Crosby, Nichols, & Co. — Another help to the religious culture of the young, whether

in the family or the Sunday School. This manual seems to us to have something more than ordinary value. It is prepared by a practical teacher, whose intellectual and spiritual qualifications are equally unquestionable, — the author of "Questions on the Gospels." The present No. covers the Epistles to the Thessalonians and the Galatians. There is a preliminary lesson of some thirty pages, full of information important to the scholar. It would be unreasonable to expect universal assent to every particular exposition; but we can confidently affirm, that no views are advanced here, which the most scrupulous and believing parent would disapprove.

A Parisian Pastor's Glance at America. By Rev. J. H. GRAND PIERRE, D. D., Pastor of the Reformed Church, and Director of the Missionary Institution in Paris. Gould & Lincoln. — Owing to the curiosity most people have to see what is written about them, this book will probably be extensively read by Americans. We have looked it through, and, honestly, we do not think it is worth the paper and binding. The reflections are neither very wise, very original, nor very liberal. There is no skill of description, comprehensiveness of judgment, felicity of observation, nor beauty of style. But what is said of the Unitarians, though complained of in some quarters, seems to us not at all unfair, nor untrue.

We have received the following pamphlets: *A Discussion of the Doctrine of the Trinity*, by Rev. Messrs. LEE and MAX, of Syracuse, — animated and good-tempered; the *Discourses on the late Dr. Young*, including Dr. Gannett's, already noticed by us, and an excellent one by Rev. George E. Ellis; Dr. Hedge's vigorous *Sermon On the Use of the Word "Evangelical";* an excellent and thorough Tract on *The Lord's Supper*, by Rev. Henry Solly, of London; two thoughtful and tender discourses, occasioned by the tragic *Death of W. H. G. Butler*, of Louisville, by Rev. J. H. HEYWOOD; and the *Fifth Annual Report of the Boston Children's Mission*, — that sound and successful charity.

Ink from Eayrs & Fairbanks. — We are writing with an admirably clear and bright fluid, prepared by this enterprising firm. It is recommendation enough to say that it fully deserves the encomiums it has received from men who are not in the habit of saying what they do not mean. Any thing that lightens the irksomeness of using a pen is a benefaction indeed to many of us. We sincerely advise our friends to try this new help, before they think of suicide.